TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The people of Canada have had cause enough, goodness only knows, to criticize the management of the Grand Trunk Railway, but after reading the reports of some of the Board meetings held in London one feels like pitying rather than blaming the officials in this country who are unable to keep pace with the times. In the old days the Grand Trunk was well treated by the Government and practically had a monopoly of the business, its motto was: "Anything is good enough for Canada." Its chief aim was to make the people pay for the mistakes of construction and the incapacity of the management. It was in no hurry to do anything and treated its customers and the traveling public as if it were the master and they were the servants. Through the long years—and the shareholders have found them very long as they waited for profits—Canadians began to detest the whole spirit of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Any tow-string road that could be induced to compete with the old line was freely bonused and liberally patronized. It was this spirit which called into life much of the competition which the Grand Trunk has suffered, and to-day the shareholders who are making the loudest complaints can thank themselves and their niggardly policy for the existence of nearly all of the numerous lines which form the network feeding the main line of the Canadian Pacific. Old Country notions and that particularly offensive, autocratic spirit which characterizes the Englishman at home when he is lending money or building railroads in a colony, have made the Grand Trunk a very unpopular institution. While no doubt many of the officials in Canada have become so permeated with the spirit of the London directors that they have failed to make the kindness of their individualities felt, yet in justice to the many bright men who have been, and are, high in Grand Trunk positions here, we should remember how seriously handicapped they have been by the directors at home. Then, too, when we remember that many of these directors know even less about railroads than they do about Canada, when we see cotton-spinners and tradesmen who have no world outside of their counting-house dictating a policy to railway managers and brow-beating the only men who know anything about this country, we would be hard-hearted indeed if we did not sympathize with the much badgered and fettered official who has to carry into operation the fool notions that these London people insist upon. There can be no comparison between the ability of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific officials until we know what ratio of power the officials of the former possess. The most brilliant man in the world would be made a fool of if his hands and feet were tied by noisy shareholders and an incompetent directorate.

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The simple suggestion of repudiating the Esplanade contract made with Toronto and the Canadian Pacific is an illustration in point. If General Manager Sargeant is to feel that his contracts are to be voided and he made a laughing-stock of, what hope is there for him to distinguish himself by those rapid moves and bold campaigns which distinguish the successful railway from the one-horse line? How could he popularize or strengthen himself, how could he popularize or strengthen the railway while he is aware that some jackass will get up and kick in the general meeting? He is frightened to do anything until he consults with everybody else alive who has, or thinks he has, an interest in the road. By the time this consultation is over the opportunity is past, the road has become unpopular because of its dilatoriness, or even if he thinks the move will be endorsed he is in danger of having it repudiated. Now if the Grand Trunk had repudiated the Esplanade agreement they would have been practically boycotted by this city, and little as Toronto loves the Grand Trunk now and anxious as it is to give its business to the Canadian Pacific, the feeling then would have been intensified a thousandfold. What do these kicking directors know about the long and irritating ferment that the Esplanade difficulty has caused in Toronto? Nothing whatever. What do they know about the result of repudiating the contract? Nothing. All they could do, and what they would be sure to do, would be to complain of the falling off in freight and passenger traffic if Toronto, resenting this final insult, were to become as angry as it should were the Esplanade contract to be repudiated. The kickers then would not know whom to blame. They would visit their wrath probably on the Board of Management, or the General Manager in Canada, on the Passenger and Traffic Agents in Toronto—men who are as utterly helpless and blameless in the matter as any private citizen. Surely all this sort of thing is enough to make us have sympathy with the officials in Montreal and the officials here, particularly when the kickers clamor for a Canadian management while in the very act of repudiating those things which the Canadian managers see fit to do. Surely the road of a Canadian official of the Grand Trunk is a rocky one; and as for me, my criticism of him shall hereafter be tempered by the knowledge of the difficulties he has to contend with and the realization of the limited powers he possesses.

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Talking about management, I am glad to see that President Armstrong of the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association has had the courage to say something about the management of this country and the management of the party which dominates it. I am a Conservative myself because I believe the Conservative party has shown more brains and patriotism than the so-called Liberal party has ever shown. The Conservatives have even made some show of possessing a statesman, yet I am not prepared to admit that they have been supremely successful. No one who is a Conservative is called upon to affirm any such thing; it is enough reason for adhering to that party that it has had broader ideas, more far-sighted plans and warmer and more generous impulses than were, and are, characteristic of the Reformers. The fact also remains that there has been too little criticism of the Government from within the Conservative party. So true has this been that the leaders at Ottawa now imagine themselves to be the party, and not merely the accidents of party promotion.

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Hard times, either present or prospective, are apt to create critics who ordinarily are content to follow their leader and share in a dim and distant way in his success, while always willing to become apologetic for his mistakes and denunciatory of those who oppose him. How much the general feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction may have had to do with President Armstrong's remarks is immaterial; Toronto has not been well treated. Whenever we have wanted anything we have sat like vassals in the outer chamber of our masters, the administration, cooling our heels and twirling our hats, waiting to be dismissed with a snub or a promise, both equally valueless as a lesson or a reward. When the head of a Conservative organization numbering some four thousand members speaks thus plainly, the administration have reason to consider whether Toronto is as tightly tied to their apron string and as humbly submissive to the rod as it used to be. I may be permitted also to call to their attention the fact that we have a Grit mayor and are only possessed of one member of the Legislature. The remark made by one of the old-time Conservative leaders in ward politics was, "I hate to see the Grand Lodge run by byes." How he must mourn to see the "byes" of the Young Conservatives intruding their opinions and daring to stand up in meeting and talk back to the bosses. Verily, times do be changing, and in respect to independence of thought and utterance within the Conservative party they are changing for the better.

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On the other hand, it is pleasant to contemplate the *Globe* eulogizing the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, advocating the transfer of the Intercolonial to President Van Horne, stipulating only for security as to fit rates and running powers over the rails for the Grand Trunk. The *Globe* is also satisfied that the Canadian Pacific should be entrusted with a subsidy of a half a million dollars a year to aid in the establishment of a fast Atlantic steamship line. The *Globe* is being ably managed these days; it recognizes the fact that something has to be done to bring us business and population and popularity. It is no longer clamoring for the saving of crusts and match ends, and combings and scrapings; it believes in a generous and progressive policy and is rightfully enough convinced that our opportunities for a cosmopolitan business cannot be achieved by a mere declaration of free trade, but by the establishment of general trade. A very free expression of opinion as to the advisability of the C. P. R. being afforded every assistance in establishing such a line having been already made in these columns, it is not necessary to go into details. I hope the *Globe* will see fit to advocate the canal policy which would bring ocean ships to Toronto and permit them to reach the docks of Fort William and Port Arthur. Let us look for trade, for business, and with these will come the people and the prosperity which we lack. I imagine the days of penny-ante politics at Ottawa are numbered. The constituencies which can be purchased have been so corrupted that very shortly they will find no purchaser. The clamor for unnecessary public works and stolen subsidies should be nearly at an end. The political blackmail levied by racial and religious communities and the domination of cliques, secret societies and privileged classes are becoming irksome even to the dull conscience and the weight of taxation burdensome even to the patient backs of partizans. What we need in Canada is larger politics, and, by the way, we would not be injured by a larger variety of leaders.

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A gentleman called in to congratulate me on what he was disposed to call the sensible advice given last week to the holders of imaginary equities. Similar congratulations I have heard from the most unexpected quarters. All the banks and many of the loan societies concur in the opinion that the sooner the crisis is over the better. One man called in to say that there was a big crop of equities dropped out six months after the bloom began to go off the rye and the boom began to secrete itself amidst the thistle stalks on the cow pastures. He noticed another big batch drop out after twelve months, but he struggled with his burden for eighteen months. He has been depriving himself and his family of a large share of his earnings that he might last until the two-year crop faded away. I think he felt somewhat resentful that the advice had not been given sooner, for he feels that he has undergone two years of privation for the benefit of those holding the mortgages. At any rate, he said he had resolved to quit. I talked with a real estate man and he admitted in confidence that there was nothing else for the holders of these imaginary equities to do but to abandon the property. He says, "Of course it ruins our business for a while, but the sooner we know where we stand the better."

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Reverting to the conversation I had with the wealthy gentleman who so highly approved of what I had written, he said, "You are not old enough to have been through the trouble of '57. Following that period of inflation I had charge of the largest estate in Toronto. After the panic in real estate things got worse and worse every year, until in '66 a bankruptcy law was passed which enabled men to get the mill stone from about their necks. Then lots which had been sold for from four to twelve hundred dollars apiece were disposed of according to legal process at from fifteen to fifty dollars apiece. Market gardeners and cottagers got hold of them and at once things began to get better. If we keep on as we are doing at present it will take another five years to bring suburban real estate back to its normal value, which is but little more than that of farm land. Even then it cannot be carried unless the city passes a by-law taxing it as paddocks, lawns or market gardens. Unless things are cleared up it would pay me to give my property away, for it costs more to carry it than it is worth, though I don't owe a cent on a foot of it.

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"Now," said he, "I have a scheme for the retrenchment of expenses which may seem on the face of it to be the very thing we ought not to do, inasmuch as it might be likely to shake public confidence. Take the Court House. By the time it is finished and furnished it will cost two millions of dollars. We have got it out of the hands of the contractors, and after all these years the foundations are only two or three feet above the ground. Roof them over, and let them stay that way until our finances are in a condition to proceed. Our present Court House is just as good as those in New York or London, England; ventilate it a little and keep out the loafers and it is all right. The police court is now as good as any in America and the police force is being reduced. The City Hall has as large rooms and as much accommodation as the city will need for twenty years. The council chamber itself is one of the finest on this continent, no matter what people may say. The staff in the City Hall could be reduced by a half. Take, for instance, the Engineer's department. When we were putting down water mains and laying sewers and building fire halls on wild-cat streets there was a necessity for the enormous staff now being kept. Two-thirds of the members of that staff might be discharged if all public improvements were stopped. Take the City Solicitor's department; it is three times too big if we stop the funny business which has brought us to a taxation which is simply ruinous. Well, if the other departments can be cut down in a corresponding proportion the old City Hall is as big again as will be needed till we can afford to finish the Court House. It won't injure the foundations to be left alone; it will simply insure the permanency and perfection of the building. The Cologne Cathedral took over five hundred years to build and is the most perfect piece of architecture to-day; in fact, no great building should be put up without giving the foundations time to settle and set. Let every public improvement be stopped; simply pursue a policy of the most frugal repairs; refuse to put down a new sewer or water main. There are thousands of vacant houses that have plenty of accommodation, and while these are empty it is a suicidal policy to build others or to tax the public for giving them sewers and water mains. The fire halls are too numerous and too expensive. Let us make an effort to congregate our population within limits such as shall not tax our resources to give them fire and police protection. The outskirts must be let take care of themselves or we shall have a period of disaster such as is now reigning in Australia, where real estate has fallen from boom prices to almost nothing, where artisans by the thousands loiter in public squares and breed socialism and all sorts of revolt against the hard times.

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"You say this might make people believe that Toronto has gone to nothing," he continued. "I don't think so. I know of a gentleman in this city who has hundreds of thousands of dollars locked up in a bank which he dare not invest. I have a few thousands of my own that I won't put into anything until all this rubbish about sustaining our inflated condition with more public works, more taxes, is done away with. If English capitalists, and Canadian capitalists, and American capitalists were to see that we had begun a proper system of reform and economy; if the boomsters were all swept out and the city was evidently taking the bull by the horn and retrenching expenses, those things are what would restore public confidence. It would only take a few years to fix things up, but if we keep on as the *Empire* suggests is advisable, projecting new public works and hiring artisans to live in speculative houses at the cost of the responsible taxpayer, why, everyone will have to move out and the collapse when it comes will be most disastrous."

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There is sense in what this gentleman urges. There was a time when this difficulty could have been tided over by a restoration of public confidence such as would have come with the election of a mayor like Mr. Osler, whose financial ability would have set things at sight and would have given the people to understand that things were being managed in a businesslike way. But when the people chose instead a man who was notoriously one of the boomsters, even the reforms and retrenchments that he instituted were suspected, and when he began to block the city's progress by silly resistance of those things which had to come, people simply put their hands in their pockets and watched with amazement and despair the whole performance. Now that we have been committed to the system of chopping off trifling expenses, let us follow it up; stop every thing in which public money is to be spent; dismiss all unnecessary officials; cut down salaries from the Mayor down—or from the Mayor up would probably be a more proper suggestion if mental standards are to be set up. Let the people who want a high level bridge over the Don build it. Stop this fool talk about equalizing the taxation between the East and West by widening the Queen street subway at a cost of another $300,000. We have two subways up there now where one used to be sufficient, and, bless us, traffic has not grown enough to block either one of them. Let us build nothing; keep what we have in decent repair; show to the world that we are conscious that we have in our closet the skeleton of a busted boom and that we are taking ordinary business methods to make it possible for a man to hold real estate in Toronto and carry it over the three or four years that it will be necessary to hold it before legitimate investments even return to anything like their proper value.

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For heaven's sake, let one thing be understood, that when we choose a policy let us follow it. This is no time for making shifts or silly manœuvres to avoid what is as evidently in sight as the lamp post on the corner. The men who are now insisting that the city should keep on spending money are not the men who are paying the taxes. Business men's movements and all that sort of thing have been ridiculed. Now there must be business methods followed and they may perhaps meet with all the bitterness in work-creating and speculative circles that business methods have always met. This does not change the fact that either these methods or the rubbish that is talked to keep the slaves of a mistaken venture in a fool's paradise must be prevalent for a little longer and result in a still greater disaster in the future.

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I do not urge these things recklessly, for I well know that SATURDAY NIGHT must have the approbation and confidence of the people or its success cannot be continuous. My own little investments are all involved, as are the business chances and investments of everybody else. I am urging what I believe to be the sensible course and I look to sensible people for their approbation and support. Do not run away with the idea that what may be called a crisis would injure the business of Toronto; it would help it. It cannot but clear the air, increase credits and preserve us from a long period of suspicion, suspense and final collapse. There is not a business man in Toronto who is suspected of having any real estate except that upon which he lives, who does not find his credit damaged in the banks and everywhere else by that fact. Legitimate business is being hampered for capital because banks are afraid that the money they advance to promote manufacture or commerce may be diverted into payments on absurd equities or to keep up fanciful margins, and in this way every legitimate enterprise in Toronto is being kept back. It is in order to better the condition of the manufacturer, the merchant, the business men of every sort that I urge the extinction of fictitious prices and inflated if not fraudulent values of all suburban property, for it is in suburban property alone that any such imaginary values exist. The men who are paying taxes and interest on these preposterous speculations are the victims, and are fools to try to do it unless they expect to slave for at least ten years. Let them take their medicine now; let the whole thing even itself up as quickly as possible, and then we shall have peace and confidence and legitimate business will be able to expand and the banks instead of hoarding their money will be glad to advance it to every legitimate trader.

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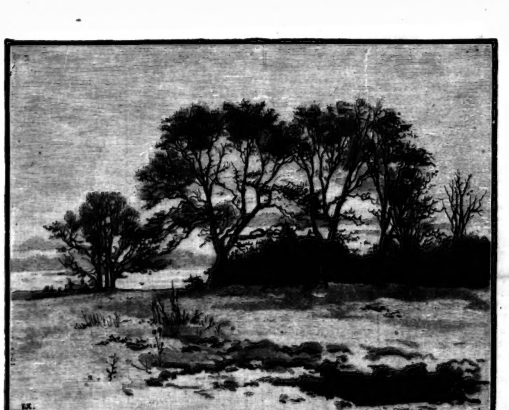
Before writing anything further about this I asked the advice of a real estate man who is thoroughly well posted in the methods of financiers. His question was: "Who will get hit?" We sat and tried to figure it up, and it was really hard to tell. We decided nobody would be any poorer, only that some men who imagine they are rich, or at least have some riches, would discover that they are poor; that a few loan societies may have to size themselves up anew that the man earning a thousand dollars a year and putting two hundred dollars of it, every twelve months, into an effort to save an investment which at best was nothing but a wild cat speculation, will quit doing it, and that two hundred dollars will go somewhere else, generally to promote business in the shops and stores and the payment of other debts than interest and taxes; that the man who has two thousand dollars a year and is probably throwing four hundred of it after bad money that is already gone will relieve the general depression by spending another four hundred or by rebuying in safe and habitable localities some decently built houses which he hopes to make his own; that the man who is making four or five thousand dollars a year will perhaps be enabled by the renewed confidence of his bankers to extend his operations in a legitimate way; that the man who is making ten thousand will perhaps have two thousand dollars a year more to help start enterprises which will fill up



"In Autumn Woods With Winter Near."

vacant houses with wage-earners, in time to save many people who would otherwise be forced to abandon them; and so on. Sit down and figure out who is going to get hit and you will find that nobody who is in a legitimate business will be worse off, except that his mental burden will be removed; the speculator may have to make an assignment, but he had better make an assignment than lie awake nights trying to turn rotten meat sweet. Unless people at once drop the loads they cannot carry it will take us eight or ten years to restore public confidence; if they drop them right now Toronto will be humming and the empty houses occupied and a normal condition of things established in three or four years, probably less. Business enterprises will be strengthened and increased; permanent investments will be made, and money instead of being frightened out of the city will come here and find a place for itself.

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But if this method be undertaken not a dollar of public money should be spent on new works. The taxes must be reduced to a figure whereby all those who have made investments that are not of a thoroughly wild cat nature can support them and carry them through to the good time which it is to be hoped is not far off. Attention must not only be paid to the city government, but to the Provincial and Dominion Governments, that such a policy shall be followed in all three as to attract attention to Canada and make it possible for men to make money here. There is not in Toronto a more enthusiastic believer in its future than I am myself, and no reasonable economy, no increase of effort that I can make shall be left unmade to preserve for that hoped-for good time the investments which I believe I can carry and which some day may be profitable. But if my money were invested in suburban property, if I were tangled up with mullein stalks and milkweeds out in the fenceless fields, I would lay down my load to-morrow, and I thoroughly believe that the concensus of experienced men and thoughtful people is that what is fictitious in values must be wiped out, what is simply fraudulent in our assessment shall be exposed, and that everything that is wild-cat, improvident or insecure shall at once be readjusted.

DON.

## Social and Personal.

The quaint and beautiful representation of an old English Fair, which the ladies interested in St. George's Society have given during the week, has proved a marvelous success. Every feature, from the homely and delicious gingerbread to the dainty and fragrant flowers, from the mysterious Egyptian sorceries to the bland and hideous Punch and Judy clown, has been conducted in the most perfect and characteristic manner. Mrs. Janes, Mrs. Ridout and the Misses Janes kept artistic house in Anne Hathaway's cottage, which was hung with rare paintings and fine works of art of various sorts. Mrs. Janes wore a plain gown *decollete* of black velvet. Mrs. Ridout was *poudree*, and wore a quaint court gown. The Misses Janes wore sweet black velvet hats of immense size in the rose-wreathed and plumed styles of far-a-way decades, and faint - tinted gowns of rich satin and lace. Mrs. Herbert Mason was also *poudree*, and wore a handsome flowered silk Watteau gown and amber petticoat, with fine lace and cameo ornaments. Mrs. Wood, her companion in Ye Olde Booke Shoppe, wore a rich black velvet gown, and her raven black locks *au naturel*. Perhaps two of the cutest and most correct costumes were worn by Mrs. Gibson and Miss May Walker, in the Olde Garden, where orange phosphate, ice-cream and such cooling cheer were dispensed. The ladies' dresses were of dotted muslin in the Empire style, but their *coiffures* were perfect; the funny little curls and pointed ribbon *bandeaux* were at once most fetching and becoming. Packed houses greeted the array of talent in the theater, and the stage performance was something indescribable, the Private Jenkins of Mr. Macdonald and the General of Mr. Dunstan being out of all proportion to the feelings of the audience. The ladies and gentlemen of the caste did full justice to their honored names, and reaped laurels with a mowing machine, so to speak; Miss Denzil's widowed mother act was something to be remembered. The pretty maids at the silt gingerbread stall did a thriving business. They were the Misses Thompson and Miss Jeannette Drayton. Miss Thompson will be one of this season's *debutantes*. The cider press, with its quaint brown mugs and luscious apple juice, was well minded by Miss Burns and Miss Thompson, aided by Mr. F. Wilson. The young maids wore pretty peasant costumes and Mr. Wilson the orthodox tapman's smock and hat. A very lovely spot was the booth of the white rose, where Mesdames Cawthra and Cosby sold flowers, and whence issued some of the sweetest and prettiest *demoiselles* of Toronto armed with trays and quaint baskets of *boutonnieres*. The flower booth dresses were marvels of richness. The matrons wore Marie Stuart coifs and gowns of black velvet and looked pictures of gracious beauty, while the fair girls were gowned in white, cream, gold, everyone seeming handsomer than her predecessor. Perhaps the verdict as to the very most elegant costume went for Miss Cawthra of Beverley street, whose satin skirt and long bodice and voluminous panniers, with beautifully powdered wig and filmy lace coif, were a perfect picture of the *grande dame* of the last century. She carried a wand with a graceful gilt shell of flowers slung upon it. Miss Seymour looked lovely, *poudree* and in quaint silk Watteau gown, (but that goes without saying, does it not?) Miss Bickford was another charming *marchande de fleurs*. Perhaps the neatest conception of the fair was the May Pole Inn, with its real old carved mantelpiece, its blazing fire and its dainty tables filled with the most delicious edibles and looked after by blooming maids in fichus and Dolly Varden gowns. I remarked with great delight the comfortable, smiling welcome one got in this ideal inn, and also was surprised at the reasonable prices of the toothsome dainties. As a lady remarked in my hearing, "Everything in there is so tempting and good." Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Symons and Mrs. Wright (who looked about eighteen in her pretty pink frock) are to be blamed for this. What a lovely thing it would be to escort some waiters you and I know about to the Maypole Inn and allow them to be waited on once by Miss Hoskin and her companion maids, just to show them the grace possible to be attained under the circumstances. The old woman in the shoe was looked after by two charming girls, the Misses Lulu and Maggie Gooderham. They so well became their pretty Dolly Varden gowns that it seemed a pity that they must only wear them for this week. In the cosy corner near by MissInce and Miss Roger drew lemonade from the magic well of St. Keyne; their gowns and bonnets were perfectly killing, and were among the few faithful representations of peasant costumes of real English extraction. The Gypsies were a picturesque lot, among the green bushes of their encampment; their gorgeous and very becoming costumes made a happy diversity among the more delicate frocks and powdered heads. Miss Hannaford, Miss Emily Davies and many another fair girl were transformed into veritable sybils, who for a piece of silver would tell your past, present and future, and they were guarded and aided by some very handsome Romany Ryes. The Egyptians next door were very well costumed and were the objects of many admiring glances and comments.

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A Toy Shoppe and a Sweet Shoppe were managed by more pretty Dolly Vardens, and I could not help wondering what would have been the consequences to Simon Tappertit's brain could he have seen the bewitching editions of his unbending and hard-hearted sweetheart. Here was a Dolly in pink, with the dearest little bronze stockings and slippers; there a flowered Dolly, with a dainty little lace cap, and though Colonel Denison and Ben Hur Paterson were in the neighborhood and Simon was not very stalwart, I think he would have haunted the Sweet Shoppe! Among the striking costumes one saw about the village square were: Mrs. Drayton's beautiful English lady's robe of the seventeenth century, velvet and satin, with jeweled stomacher and floating white veil; Mrs. Symon's purple velvet with slashes of cream in the sleeves; Mrs. Skaed's green cloth draped gown with yellow puffings, a most correct and handsome costume; Miss Parsons' pale blue Watteau frock and prettily powdered hair; Miss Lily Ellis's beautiful Eastern costume with crown and floating burnous. Herr Schuch and his company of strolling singers were in various quaint arrays. The ladies looked and sang very sweetly. The gentlemen sang well and looked every way, the bassos in three cornered hats and old English coats, vests and small clothes. The tenors were a wonderful collection, one Mr. Alfred Jingle from Pickwick, another in a long-tailed overcoat and hat of the year one, but they sang charmingly as birds in homely plumage always do.

As to the stage performance of the Dream of the Seasons, I fancy those who expected a good deal were not disappointed. Dottie Lamont (I hate to call her Miss, for she is perfectly childlike in her lack of self consciousness and anxiety to do her best) danced well—as only Dottie Lamont can! Her sweet expression and twinkling feet are good to look at. The children were what Nature and Mesdames Arthurs, Drayton and Bendelari made them—just as sweet and pretty as they could be. Miss Grantham was a lovely Autumn, and Miss Laing an ideal representative of our own fair land. In fact every detail, to the tiniest mite of a cupid or a budding flower, was perfect and in the sweetest guise imaginable. The rainbow sleigh-bell and flower dances and the minuet were exquisite. At the time of writing I have not had an opportunity to see the afternoon performance, which everyone praises, nor yet the Punch and Judy show, which is beyond the beyonds, and at once the horror and delight of the fascinated ones. Among the visitors to the Fair one may count almost every society man and woman in Toronto. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Master Eric and his little cousin, Miss Bankes, Mrs. Dobell and Mrs. Bankes were in one party on Tuesday, when the Governor opened the Fair. I remarked, as did everyone else, that the welcome visible on the faces of the multitude, to the gracious folk of Government House, is different to the curious gaze usually accorded to people who represent the queen and court. Methinks there is a hearty liking and pride in it that is very good to see, and may it beam ever brighter under the kindly sway of those who so well merit it. Mesdames Herbert Mason, Wood and Drayton received the gubernatorial party on the dais, and little Zaidee Drayton and Douglas Mason had the honor of presenting to them the Booke of ye Fayre and a charming bouquet.

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Other visitors I remarked were: Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, the Misses Beatty, Major and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hodgins, the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. Arthur Sweetman, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Miss Milligan, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Elzas, Mr. Benjamin, Mrs. Fernald, Miss Potter, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Major Cosby, Colonel G. T. Denison, Capt. and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Stovel, Mrs. Nicholls of Chatham, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Maclean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stewart, Mrs. Macfarlane, Dr. Graham, Miss Alkens, Signor Delasco, Mr. Ernest Thompson, Chevalier and Mrs. Thompson, and a host of others who are seen among the gatherings of the *beau monde* in every quarter of the city. The Fair has cost a stupendous amount of labor to all those taking part, and the success which has crowned it is the best reward they could wish for. Mr. Rutherford worked hard, so did Mr. Cecil Gibson, as managers of programme. Mr. Smiley and his matinee performances were splendid. Mrs. Irving Cameron and her busy and faithful orchestra deserve the best thanks of the performers and audience, and last, but by no means least, is the meed of gratitude to the ladies who helped behind the scenes in dressing and looking after the children, Mesdames Walker, Arnoldi, Beard, Keighley and Miss Belford.

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Mrs. Lamont of 707 Ontario street gave a most enjoyable *musicale* and dance on Friday of last week, for her friends, Mrs. Fernald and Miss Potter of Massachusetts, who have been for some time visiting in Toronto.

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Messrs. T. and E. R. Alison and party have gone duck shooting down the Lower Severn and other parts of Muskoka.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Bankes left on Thursday for Europe. They will spend the winter in Italy.

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The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have kindly consented to open the Chrysanthemum show on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock.

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The marriage of Mr. Frank Yeigh and Miss Kate Eva Westlake took place on Thursday evening of last week at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Wilkie, 605 Spadina avenue. Miss Westlake wore a very chaste bridal gown of white *crepon* and corded silk, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Dunn, was also in white. Mr. Neil McCrimmon acted as best man, and the Rev. Elmore Harris officiated. A merry party of guests tendered congratulations to the bride and groom, and partook of an elegant *dejeuner*, while soft strains of orchestral music mingled with speeches and laughter through the bright rooms. Some very choice gifts were much admired by the guests, among whom I remarked Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, Mrs. Wilkie in a handsome pink silk, *en train*, and draped with fine lace; Miss Westlake in gray brocade; Mrs. Dilworth, a bride of a month ago, in a rich white silk, with white chrysanthemums. Mr. and Mrs. Yeigh left on the late train for New York, and will spend the honeymoon in the States.

*

Mrs. Arthur Harrison received yesterday and Thursday at 20 Madison avenue. Mrs. Harrison will be at home on Fridays during the season.

*

Mrs. Dobell is visiting Mrs. Kirkpatrick at Government House.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson have returned to Quebec.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake left last Monday for England, whither Mr. Blake is called by Parliamentary duties. The best wishes of a large circle of attached friends go with the statesman and his gentle wife, who will be most missed and regretted in Toronto.

*

Mr. E. W. Sandys, of *Outing*, New York, was in Toronto this week on his way from a holiday among the quail of West Kent. He looks as if the Gothamites treated him well.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher are residing at 55 Wellesley street and will receive their friends there on Thursday, as usual.

*

Mrs. Robert Darling of Rosedale gave a charming afternoon tea last week. Among the guests I noticed: Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, the Misses Clarke, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Ross, Mrs. and the Misses Nairn, Mrs. and Miss Brodie, Mrs. Jaffray, and others.

*

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Aikenhead of 36 Henry street entertained the orchestra of the Elm street Methodist church and a number of friends on Tuesday evening. The orchestra is under Mr. Aikenhead's leadership, and played some very fine selections. The programme also included songs by Mr. H. M. Blight, Miss Aikenhead and Mr. Robert Doherty, and instrumental solos by Miss Hearn, Mr. Kuchenmeister and Mr. John Scott, while Mrs. Blight acted as accompanist. Supper was served at 11 o'clock. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Powell, Ald. and Mrs. Score, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hamilton, Mrs. Briggs, Miss Armstrong, Mr. John Muir, Mr. Vanstone, Mr. J. Aikenhead, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. Will Cowan and Mr. John Rogers.

*

Mr. Ellis has arranged a small but very interesting collection of Paul Peel's paintings in his *bijou* little art room in rear of his handsome store on King street east. Every art lover who mourned the death of our Canadian painter will feel great interest and pleasure in viewing these charming fruits of his genius.

*

Dr. E. M. Hewish of Philadelphia is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hewish, 179 Jameson avenue.

*

Mr. Willie Romain-Walsh, a well known Toronto boy, is with the Rhea Company, which is called to appear at the Grand next week.

*

Mr. A. P. Devlin of Lindsay was in town recently.

*

Dr. Wm. B. Thistle has been made president of the University of Toronto Medical Society for the ensuing year.

*

Dr. Oswald Marling, who has been five years in London and Vienna, has returned to Toronto.

*

Hon. T. M. Daly, Minister of the Interior, and Mrs. Daly were in the city this week.

*

Last Saturday afternoon, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large number enjoyed watching the Rugby match. Among those I noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. Æmilius Baldwin, the Misses Brough, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Riordan, Messrs. Van Koughnet, C. Rogers, Patterson, J. W. Hendrie of Hamilton, Moss, Boyd, Roberts, Dr. Gordon, H. Brock.

*

Mrs. Charles Moss' ball on Thursday of last week for her daughter, Miss Emily Moss, was a delightful affair. The spacious drawing-room and the large veranda, the latter boarded in and gaily decorated, gave plenty of room for the large throng of guests. Among those present were an unusually large number of *debutantes*, including Miss Madeline Falconbridge, Miss DuMoulin, Miss Edna Buchan, Miss McMurray, Miss Chadwick, Miss Robertson, Miss Harold, and Miss Ridley of Hamilton. Other guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Whelan, Mr. and Mrs. Vere Brown, Mr. and Miss Mackenzie, Miss Small, Misses Larratt Smith, Misses Todd, Miss Thompson, Miss Miller, Misses Bethune, Miss Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Miss Amy Street, Mr. and Miss Spotton, Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. Arthur and Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Mulock, Miss Howland, Misses Lambert, Misses Ferguson, Miss Watson of Hamilton, Miss Jones, Miss Francis, Miss Labatt, Miss Baldwin, Messrs. Senkler, J. H. Moss, Douglas, Wyatt, Stimson, Frank Kirkpatrick, Morton Jones, Wood, Buchan, Ambrey Moore, Sullivan, Pemberton, Gillmour, Mulock, Lamport, Graham, Thompson and McMurray.

*

Mrs. George Burton of Peter street received on Thursday of last week. The continuous round of callers were received by the bride in a most charming manner. She wore a stylish and pretty gown of fawn silk bengaline with shell-pink trimming and dainty shoes to correspond. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Biggar.

*

Mrs. W. R. Wadsworth of 81 Madison avenue will be At Home to her friends on November 7, 8 and 9.

*

Mrs. J. L. Nicholls of Chatham is visiting Mrs. Hector Lamont of Sherbourne street.

*

On Thursday evening of last week the dining hall of Trinity was ablaze with light, and the goodly company assembled for the discussion of the annual convocation did full justice to the occasion. Grave professors fed the body and gave the mind a treat, and after the solids of the feast had been disposed of jest and laughter, epigram and repartee mingled with song and speech to the midnight hour. A number of ladies were in the gallery and watched with interest and heard with profit the doings down below.

*

The Cricketers' ball, for which cards are out, to take place on November 15, will be a very brilliant and stylish affair. A genial society leader remarked the other evening that it might be fittingly termed the bridal ball, as so many newly fledged matrons will make their first appearance. Bonny brides in wedding finery always lend splendor to a society function, and the many handsome maidens who have joined the ranks of the married folk since last spring should make a fine showing at this, the opening ball of the season. The Deputy Adjutant General having issued command to the officers attending to wear the uniform of their several regiments ensures a brilliant *mise en scene*.

*

The Queen Regent of Spain has conferred upon Mr. J. Enoch Thompson the order of *Isabella la Catolice* in recognition of his services as Spanish consul in the Province of Ontario for the past three years. This order confers personal nobility with the privilege of noblesse in Spain, and carries the title of Chevalier. The previous occasions on which this order has been granted in Canada were when Lord Lisgar and Sir John A. Macdonald received it in 1871, and more recently the Spanish consul at Quebec, Chevalier Frechette. The insignia is a red enameled cross, thickly set in gold mountings, with three golden rays between each of the arms, the whole fixed to a green enamel laurel wreath, surrounded by the motto: *A la lealtad acrisolada*.

*

Hon. David Mills of London was in town this week.

*

Attorney-General Langley of Nova Scotia is the guest of Professor Goldwin Smith of the Grange.

*

Last Tuesday evening the Kilties received some of the prizes won at the rifle match last Saturday. The prizes were presented in the U. C. C. building by Major Henderson, who was assisted by Adjutant McDonald. The special rewards were presented last Friday evening by Mrs. J. I. Davidson.

*

Capt. Sears is again paying a visit to Canada and is staying with Major Foster of Beverley street.

*

The concert by Dr. Barnardo's boys in Association Hall came off on Monday evening. Despite the counter attractions, sixteen hundred people turned out to hear the lads and to listen to a very interesting address, illuminated by magic lantern views, which were given by Mr. Wookey, and which was replete with information concerning the treatment and training of all the lads and lasses under Dr. Barnardo's care. The village chimes, introducing several well known hymn tunes, were given by the five bell ringers. Then came the bagpipes. The three lads who played on these were dressed in full Highland costume and the playing was much appreciated by those who hail from the North Country. A quartette on the mandolin, dulcimer and two xylophones followed next, for which an encore was demanded. The lecture was listened to with close attention throughout, and at its close a collection was made on behalf of the London Homes, Home, Sweet Home, on the bells, another skirl on the bagpipes, and the bugle calls given at the Homes (for everything is done on the military system) wound up the bill of fare. A verse of the National Anthem brought a successful meeting to a close.

*

The concert which took place on October 27 in St. Andrew's Hall, in connection with the congregation of St. Matthias' church, was a grand success in every respect. Amongst those taking part in the programme was Miss Wey, who contributed a piano solo which was well received. Mr. W. E. Ramsay was heartily applauded every time he appeared on the stage. Miss Laura S. Wise sang very sweetly, To Thy Heart, and another solo; she wore a pretty

*(Continued on Page Eleven.)*


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## Some New Gowns.

HERE are some novelties that are unmistakably new. For instance, a brown cloth gown with large sleeves of green velvet and a sort of pleated cape of the same material on the shoulders which was edged with mink. It had the new style of skirt which has just emanated from some big dress place in Paris, and of which the most striking point is the fact that it hangs full in front instead of being moulded to the hips, and is gored down each side. The back of it is lined with horsehair, so that it stands out pretty stiffly. Its weight is tremendous. But fashionable women are very obliging, and, if it is decreed that their skirts are to be made several pounds heavier by being stiffened with horsehair, I do not suppose they will murmur.

*

Among many models imported from Paris for street and visiting dresses, two designs have met with special favor. The first combines wool velvet with *peau de soie*, and is enriched with embroidery done on the silk in cashmere coloring. The short, round waist of wool velvet has a bias, seamless back, with the loose fronts turned back in notched revers that widen above and are gathered full over the sleeve-tops. Between the revers is a vest of the *peau de soie* with the cashmere embroidery coming down in lines from the silk collar. The beautiful sleeves are of the *peau de soie*, close-fitting below, with a bias puff above ending in a band of the silk tied around near the elbow. A soft "crush belt" of the *peau de soie* is sewed to the skirt, which is put on after the waist, and this belt gives finish to the waist. The silk of the belt is bias and six inches wide, lined without bones, and embroidered along the top. When worn it falls into natural folds. The skirt looks full, and is short, just touching the floor in the back. It is pleated in the back, and laps near the front over a panel of *peau de soie* wrought on one edge in a border of the multicolored embroidery. This is a beautiful dress when made of rich yet delicate colors, as of velvet with brown pile on a silken background of grayish-blue combined with gray-blue *peau de soie;* a second dress has pinkish tan silk, with brown pile velvet that has an old-rose surface. Corded Russian velours are still popular, and are made by this model. Black costumes made in this way are partly of Muscovite silk embroidered with fine jet beads, with black wool *crepons* in large crocodile markings for the principal part of the gown. The cloth gown that each *modiste* commends has the effect of a princess dress, and is trimmed with narrow rows of brown fur, made usually of the dark tails of the animal, either of mink or of Hudson Bay sables. In some models made by the Parisian designer the breadths of this gown are continuous, while in others the skirts are sewed to the waist under a band of passementerie that conceals the seam and serves as a belt. The favorite coloring for this dress is dark brown cloth, with cream cloth as a full plastron or vest, and large sleeves of green shaded velvet.

Charming models for young ladies' wool dresses are brought out in a new black diagonal of wide wale, with cords of green silk woven across and around it, with spaces of three-fourths of an inch between. This novel fabric is of single width, and six breadths are required for the short skirt, one front breadth moderately sloped to the top, with two gored breadths each side, and a straight back breadth held in French gathers (of alternately long and short stitches) at the top. The whole skirt is lined with black silk precisely as bell skirts are with seams turned inside. As a foot trimming is a bias fold two and a half inches wide of black repped silk doubled and interlined, then headed with a narrow piping of the same. The bayadere green cords meet in all the seams of the skirt. The round waist enters into the skirt, and has a broad seamless back, with the green cords crossing it. The fronts have cross cords, plain at the top, hooked on the left shoulder, while below is a full waist of length-wise cords pleated twice each side of a lacing in the middle, and also hooked under the left arm. This lower full part is rounded below the bust, and trimmed there with doubled bias black repped silk, which widens into drooping frills eight inches wide above the tops of the sleeves, and disappears in the back. Inside, showing through the lacing of five pairs of eyelets (through which black passementerie cord is drawn), is seen pale green velvet dotted with darker green gathered full, with a standing erect frill crossing the top. The mutton-leg sleeves are laced inside the forearm. The "stock" is of gathered black repped silk. A black passementerie cord like that used as a lacing string is around the top of the skirt and gives it sufficient finish when adjusted above the edge of the round waist.

*

My Lady Green-Sleeves is met at every hand, as the ombre velvets are particularly effective in green for sleeves of both day and evening dresses of cloth, of vigorgue, or of silk. An attractive coaching dress worn on one golden October morning is of chestnut brown faced-cloth, with round back and short jacket front, the huge sleeve of green velvet shaded from the palest green at the wrists to dark olive at the top. The full vest is of black satin, the revers of the jacket front are of green velvet, and the girdle is of green velvet folds. At the foot of the brown cloth skirt is a puffing of green velvet, drawn down by shirrings at intervals. The round hat of brown felt has a crown and large front bow of green velvet, with brown quills thrust in the left side. For full evening dress are white satin or bourette silks, with low round waist gathered at top and bottom to fall like a blouse in front from a green velvet neck band and girdle, then completed by green velvet sleeves that form a large puff from shoulder to elbow. The full skirt, very slightly trained, has a twist of two folds of green velvet at the foot.

*

How fashionable brown is becoming! All the prettiest street costumes I have seen this autumn seem to have been in that color. One charming costume that I was much struck with consisted of a plain dress with a line of gold placed some six or eight inches above the hem, and a beautifully fitting three quarter jacket adorned with a short pleated cape of velvet, and a not too deep fur collar of the ordinary shape. The wearer's hat was felt, of perhaps a shade lighter than the dress, trimmed with the same velvet as the cape was. And this brown costume, neat yet decidedly smart, was of brown cloth, with a silk bodice of old pink (only a glimpse of this could be seen), and fairly long coat ornamented with a short triple cape. With this also was worn a hat to match, and it had velvet trimming and strings of the same.

*

Silks will be more used this winter for afternoon dresses for the house and for calling costumes than they have been for many years. This has been brought about by the introduction of many novelties in weaving, in new silk reps, and in twilled *peau de soie*. Thus there are black Muscovite silks of thick cords with gold threads in every third cord that will make very rich dresses. Blue satins have small shell patterns in threads of gold, bronze or silver. Basket-woven satins are alternate tiny checks of *eminence* purple and gold, mauve with pale blue, or rose with green. Palm leaves of many Persian colors are on plain satin grounds. Stripes of great width are of black satin alternating with repped silk stripes of brilliant red, mauve, *eminence*, or dull green. While newest of all is *ombre peau de soie*, which will soon rival *ombre* velvet, as it is more varied, coming not only in shades of one color, but in two colors, sometimes of plain surface, and again in stripes that shade into each other, and also in plaids of two colors crossed by bars of contrasting shades. LA MODE.

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*Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.*

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### CHAPTER XXV.

THE KNOCKER AT THE DOOR.

Jeaters leant irresolute, paralyzed, against the wall. St. Vincent place was a *cul de sac*, save for foot passengers, through pillars to the Terrace. The hotel was the only building in the place. Opposite the hotel was a railing, and inside the railing the grounds of the Museum. No vehicle could have any business down there, except it came to the hotel. The wheels were not those of a cab. They sounded heavier and clumsier than those of a cab. If it were a cab bringing a would-be guest in the belief the hotel was open to visitors, the driver and his fare would be informed of the condition of the house by the closed door, the lowered blinds, and the look of emptiness. No one would call for entrance unless a person who knew someone was there, or ought to be there; and the heavy wheels forced on him the conclusion that the van or cart had something heavy which was to be delivered!

What bulky or weighty object could be for delivery at the St. Vincent Hotel, Verdon, but what now remained of an unfortunate former tenant, of the woman who, less than a week ago, crossed this threshold alive!

He would rather have the quivering rope of the hangman tightening on his elbow than set wide this door and meet that!

"Open! Open!" cried the voice once more. Once more the noisy summons beat upon the panels.

On tiptoe he stole to the head of the staircase leading from the hall to the little dock below. He opened the door with the stealthy care of a burglar, slipped through the doorway, put the key in the other side of the door, turned the key and stole down the staircase to the platform surrounding the tiny dock.

"Even if they get in they are not likely to look for me here. he whispered, as he sat down on a seat that ran the whole round of the dock against the wall. He took up his place close to the foot of the stairs, so that if any attempted to force open the door at the top he might hear and be warned in time. If anyone did come he should dash out of the dock and up the steps into St. Vincent place, and thence along the terrace. But, of course, he would rather that flight were not necessary, that no one gained entrance to the hall above, or tried to come down those stairs. At all events, if anyone did try to find him there, that searcher would find every door on the first sound indicating that an entrance had been gained, and that a descent was contemplated, he should fly.

Opposite to him was the terrible shoot cased in from view. Before him lay the little harbor. Although the sun had not yet quite gone, the place was dim and dark. The tide was rising still, almost full. Steamers and sailing vessels were going up on the flood. He could hear the voices of men calling to one another at their work, the burr and rattle of machinery, the sailors shouting, the heavy, muffled throbbing of the steamers' screws and the quick, hurried beat of the paddle before the steamers themselves came into view.

He was in a cave and for the first few minutes he derived satisfaction from the certainty that here the thing which troubled him, the thing which might now be lying under a cloth in that van outside the door, could not follow him. If they brought anything in he should not see it—should not see it now, any way, for he did not mean to go through that hall in the darkening shadows after that unaccountable summons at the main door.

What a horrible thing to suppose, that even now, the thing they had brought from the river in a van, with a cloth over it, was lying cold and stark like the young woman he had told Pollie of, on the marble floor of the great silent empty hall!

Suppose he was such a fool as to go to that hall in the dim twilight, and were to see the burden the men had borne from the cart lying on the floor in front of the hearth where he had just burned her bridal clothes, and suppose that as he tried to pass stealthily, softly, softly past it on the other side—suppose it moved! Suppose it moved! Suppose an arm was raised and he heard the voice saying, "Save me Frank!" Suppose he saw the arm rise and the cloth move, and heard her cry out, as she did on the night she died, "Save me, Frank!" What should he do! What should he do!

Oh, but nothing of the kind could happen. For many reasons nothing of the kind could happen. For one reason, there was the fact that he would not go back through that hall. That one reason was quite enough. It made any others unnecessary.

By a powerful effort he stopped his mind running on the hall above, and looked around him for distraction. The distraction was a worse form almost than what he sought to shun. All at once he recollected the night he had left Pollie above and came down here and argued the case over with himself, on the assumption that it concerned another man. And now, all that he then imagined for another could come true in his own case!

In effect, Pollie had come down those stairs, and had not gone up them again. The trap had been left open by him, and she had fallen into it and found death below.

He put his hands before his face, and bending his body forward, rested his elbows on his knees. His intention was to remain there until it was dusk, to walk round the little dock, ascend the steps to the end of St. Vincent place and escape along the terrace.

In a kind of a self compelled stupor he sat thus he knew not how long. Such an arousing as he had he never counted on. It came without a sound of preparation or warning.

"Are you all dead here?" said a voice which seemed to come from the floor of the great hall above.

With a shudder and a yell Jeaters sprang to his feet, and found himself face to face with an unknown man of great stature.

"Ah, you're lively enough now and no mistake. Rum place this. Thought you was all dead and you're only half dead."

"What do you mean by only half of us being dead?" said Jeaters, stretching forth his hand against the wall for support. His knees were trembling under him, and his brow and hands had suddenly become clammy.

"Eh!" said the man, looking at him fixedly.

"I was asleep," said Jeaters, recovering himself slowly, "and when you spoke I woke out of an awful dream."

"So I would seem by the looks of you. Well, governor, I've done you a good turn to wake you out of that dream."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Jeaters, now more collected. "But who are you? What brings you here?"

"Surely it is a rum place and no mistake. Hasn't place this for doing anything you didn't want blown on, eh? Nice place to settle a row in if you were the heavy weight. There's the nice wet water, cool and comfortable, for a fellow you don't like, to drink his fill of till he grew fat as a drowned pup. Anyway, if either of the present company is thinking of murder it's just the place for them, though, or as well as I can make you out in the dark you are more like a dug-up corpse. Someone, maybe, who is in trouble? Drifted in from sea, eh?"

"What brings you here, I say?"

"You do. Oh, you say that p'ain enough. You'd get a prize in a speaking-parrot competition. Well now, I think you know, the police would be interested, very much interested, to hear about you being here. They might think you were here for no good. You may as well walk with me to the police station. The copper would take a powerful interest in that lovely dream you were having here. Maybe they'd write it in a book and give you a good conduct mark for it. Anyway, out with your name and address and I'll see if I can't call on you when you are in your other country residence. Or, you don't make the address any grander than Buckingham Palace. If you tell me it's any better than Buckingham Palace you might arouse suspicions in my mind, and it would not otherwise occur to me that something they are now looking for on a barge or a wharf may be safe in your keeping here, and that you are just waiting until it's a trifle darker before you walk home with it and ask your eldest son to bring it back to the rightful owner. Come, sonny, I am not going to lose any more time with you. If you're going to give an account of yourself draw your wind and start off at once."

"My name is Jeaters. I am in charge of this place. Who and what are you?"

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure. I humbly beg pardon. I could see you were proper in the darkness. I hope you won't take any notice of my nonsense just now. In the darkness I couldn't see you properly and I took you for one of them long-shore thieves that live by plundering wharves and barges. They're a caution, bad lot, sir, and often gets honest men suspected of thieving what they steal. I hope you will forgive me, sir!"

"Who are you and what brings you here?"

"My name is Mr. Carper. I'm manager to Mr. Manson, the auctioneer, of New Cross."

Jeaters, with a gasp and laugh, began to breathe freely.

"Mr. Manson told me to call here and say that when you were with him to-day he forgot to ask you when you'd like your furniture moved to the mart. I knocked and shouted at the door above till I was tired. I know every inch of the place, for I helped to put the furniture in and take it out when I had charge of the hotel. As there was no one in the place to open the door into St. Vincent place, I thought I'd try down here, and if I found a door open, have a look at your furniture just to see what we'd want to take it away. The governor forgot to ask you how or much there was to go.

"Only one or two small rooms. You cannot see the things to-night. How did you come down here?"

"I got over the railings at the end of St. Vincent place. I used to get over the railings when I was on the biz job. Getting over them railings is second nature to me."

Jeaters felt not only quite at his ease now, but quite light-hearted. "I am glad you came. It will spare my going to Mr. Manson this afternoon. He led the way round the little dock and ascending the stairs, opened the gate of the railing leading into St. Vincent place. "Here is the key of the door for Mr. Manson, as I myself may not be able to attend the removal of the furniture. Give him this note. It contains a document signed by me. I will be want the furniture removed to-morrow. In one of the fire-places of the great hall, I burned a lot of rubbish. If you yourself will sweep the ashes up and throw them into the river, and see that the two rooms and the great hall are swept out, I'll take care of you afterwards."

Jeaters heard the door closed behind him as he walked away. When he had gone a few paces he turned back and looked at the great, black, square, nayless building standing up against the darkening sky.

Then he went to the parapet and looked into the river. He saw, or fancied he saw, something white lying motionless in the black water just under the shoot.

He hurried away from the parapet, and when he had gone a few paces in leaning no one on the terrace, he broke into a run.

At the end of the terrace he turned to the left, and in a few minutes found himself in the main street of Verdon. It was now almost dark.

"Once," thought he, "the furniture is removed there will be no clue to the fact I have burned everything that could be identified as her own; I have left nothing that could tell a woman had been there. I think no one can follow us from Hoxton, for my driving to the Charing Cross railway terminus and leaving our luggage there the clue. Charing Cross does not work Verdon, and no one, knowing only that I had driven from Hoxton to Charing Cross, could think of looking for me here. The man I bought my furniture from did not know my name. I told him it was for Hilliers' caretaker, and he knew no more about me than that I bought the furniture, had it sent to the St. Vincent, and paid for it. I was careful to buy the furniture in Tottenham Court road, so that there could be no local gossip about it or me. We had no tradesmen calling at the door. I brought in what was wanted. The only person who could know for certain anyone lived in the house is the postman, and no letter came for anyone but me. No one in the neighborhood could have known there was anyone but me in the house. I think I am safe and I know I am free. Free! And free without doing anything of which the law could take hold. And yet—and yet—and yet. Oh, confound the and yet. I am free and above the law! What more did I expect? What more can I want? What more could any man expect or want?"

He walked about purposelessly for a while, now stopping to watch a tramcar pass by, now looking into a shop window. He turned into a restaurant and ordered tea and glanced over all the evening papers. There was no startling paragraph about the river. The advertisement of the morning did not appear in any of the evening papers. That was a blessed relief. Already things were becoming quiet, comforting, common place.

If his life was already becoming commonplace—if the desperate fever of fear was already leaving him—might not his life become romantic soon! Might not he go back to Muscovy place for his watch? to take up his lodgings there? to begin life again? to enter on the Promise Land?

### CHAPTER XXVI.

JEATERS' NEW CARD.

That night he slept at the same hotel as the night before. In the morning, to his inexpressible relief, no advertisement referring to Pollie appeared in the newspapers, and there was no account of any ghastly salvage from the Thames.

"But," he thought, "all the ghastly things drawn out of the river do not find their way into the newspapers. In fact, unless there is something very noteworthy about things found in the river, they are never heard of in the newspapers at all."

Twenty-four hours ago it had seemed that nothing—nothing in all the world could be worse than to meet an account of the finding of something he could recognize in the water. Now the absence of such an account made him uneasy. Nothing was going on before his face—what might be going on behind his back? Nothing was going on in sight—what might not be going on behind the veil?

When he had finished breakfast he went out. He went on to Furham but avoided Muscovy place! He took passage in the great Furham street ferry boat and crossed to the northern shore.

"If," he thought, "anything has been found in the river, a description of it will be posted up here at Furham as well as at Verdon, and it is safer to look at the board here than at Verdon. Although no one in Verdon knows my name, if by and by enquiries were made someone who saw me reading the board might come forward and identify me. Here no one would be trying to identify me and I would be safe. I have never been here before in all my life, and no one here will under any circumstances try to remember me or identify me."

He did not care to enquire where the police station was. It would make whomsoever he asked look closely at him and take note of his manner and appearance. He would attract attention if he went into a public-house and requested to be shown the directory. For a long time he was puzzled how to find out where the police station lay without challenging observation and attention.

"The last person in the world a man in my position would be expected to ask aid of is a policeman—hence he is the man I ought to ask. To ask him where the station is would be brutally stupid. There's a policeman at the crossing. Let me see how I can get the information I want without displaying the crudity of a yokel."

He went up to the constable and said:

"Have you seen a black-and-tan terrier dog anywhere about this morning?"

"Lost dog—black-and-tan. No, sir."

"He has a collar with my name, John Enright, on it. You don't think you've seen him?"

"No, sir. To the best of my belief no such stray has been this way. How long ago is it since you lost him?"

"About an hour ago, at the end of this road.'

"I didn't notice any black-and-tan terrier pass this way all the morning. Of course, he may have gone by while I was on my beat, but I didn't see him."

"If he was found straying about here what would they do with him?"

"Well, they'd take him first to the station and then if he wasn't claimed they'd send him to the home for lost dogs in Battersea."

"They'd take him first to the North Furham Police Station?"

"Yes."

"What's the shortest way to it? I may as well enquire there."

"Turn to the left and straight on about three hundred yards."

"Thank you very much," and Jeaters went on in the direction the constable had indicated. He lit a cigar to give himself a careless air, and strolled to the station. Without looking to the right or left, he entered and asked the sergeant in charge if a black-and-tan terrier had been brought in that morning. The dog answered to the name of Sam and had his name, John Enright, and his address, 4 Bickerby road, Hampstead, on the collar.

No, the dog had not come in. In fact, no dog of any kind had come in that morning. If the dog did turn up, then word would be sent to Hampstead.

Jeaters thanked the sergeant and strolled out to the door of the station. He stood on the threshold and looked up and down the street to see if "Sam" were on his way to durance vile. Then, quite by accident, his eye caught the black board on which the police notices were posted. He knocked the ashes off his cigar and lifted his hat a little on one side and began reading all the notices just to see what they were like. He summoned up to his face a little smile of indulgence for the weaknesses and vices of the human beings on a different, on a lower moral level than John Enright of Hampstead, who had lost the terrier that answered to the name of Sam. It was just as well that John Enright might seem to read the notices on that hideous black board without any trace of personal interest. If John Jeaters could not tell who might be looking on and taking note of the kind-hearted dog owner who was so sorry to lose Sam, and so anxious to get Sam back.

When he had read all the notices he looked up and down the street for his dog Sam again, straightened his hat on his head, carelessly shook the ashes off his cigar once more and sauntered away whistling softly.

In his soul he was thinking, "Thank heaven, there is no announcement that anything has been found! Nothing that I am the least interested in has been found yet!"

He had nothing to do. He was accustomed to doing nothing. He could get on very well under ordinary circumstances with strolling through life and reading the newspapers. Idleness had never lain as a heavy burden on him up to this hour, or anyway until this week. He had only one other thing to do that day. He did not seek an easy way of doing it. He wanted to keep moving with that one thing for a main object in view, but he was in no hurry to get that thing done.

He took train from North Furham to Fenchurch street. He was on his way to New Cross. His only remaining business that day was to see Manson, the auctioneer, but he did not want to use up his business early. He wanted to have some expectation in his mind. He wanted to have some hope of thought to throw to his mind if his mind began to threaten him. He was hour by hour overcoming his fear of the river, but hour by hour was growing up in him a fear of his own mind.

It was no more than noon now and he did not want to get his business over until late in the afternoon. He walked from Fenchurch street to the Bank, and stood on the steps of the Royal Exchange for a while, enjoying a sight of the business life in all directions.

As he looked on he told himself that it was monstrous to suppose he or his doings could be worth a moment's consideration, or even for a moment's consideration from this hurrying, swaying, surging throng. Not one man there would stay his swift foot for one moment to look at him even if all of them knew the whole history of St. Vincent place, Verdon. And yet, though he told himself this in valiant confidence and loudly in his own behalf, he felt were peeping about to find the lamp-post on which this hurrying crowd would lych him if they heard that pitiful story.

Yes, that story was becoming pitiful to himself even now!

All at once as he stood here he turned sick. An omnibus passed by with the abhorred name of Hoxton on it.

He turned into Cheapside and went on over the viaduct, past the office where, a day ago, John Crane borrowed the money for his expedition. He went down the steps of the viaduct to Farringdon street and walked towards Ludgate circus. He remembered that near the circus there was a tiny shop, a printer's, where you could have cards done "while you wait." He wanted some cards. He selected a quiet-looking italic letter, wrote down his name and address for the young Caxton, and in a few minutes was handed the first packet, with a specimen card outside under a string. He dropped the packet into his pocket and turned into Fleet street. He was on his way west. He thought a stroll along Piccadilly might draw his mind off squalid notions. No one walking along Piccadilly on a bright, clear day like this could be made wretched by thinking of any pitiful tale whatever.

Fleet street was busy and reassuring enough, but it had not the look of splendid wealth he found in Piccadilly. It appeared as if things might go wrong with one in Fleet street, but in Piccadilly it seemed as if all things had been arranged for the sumptuous prosperity of all people for all time.

As he was looking around he suddenly drew up with a violent start. Across the way he read on a facia board, "Markham & Co., Advertising Agents." There was the office from which issued the advertisement which had caused him so much trouble and terror. What could be behind that advertisement—another ring from America for Pollie, or a pair of handcuffs for himself!

Had they got any news? Any account? No doubt Wrothbeys, with whom Pollie and he had lodged in Hoxton, had called and told all they knew, but all they knew would be quite harmless. The Wrothbeys were not likely to say anything injurious to him, and they had no more clue to where he had gone than to the winter home of the swallow of last summer. Not so much, for they did not even know that he, Jeaters, had gone south. Besides, there was no longer anyone to answer that advertisement in person, and he did not know of anyone who could be interested in Pollie Jeaters *nee* Stebbing. He himself had known a Frank Jeaters a little while ago—a very short time since. But that Frank Jeaters had disappeared for the present, no one knew whither.

He took the little packet of cards from his pocket and looked at the one outside the paper under the string. On it he read:

MR. EDWARD FANCOURT,
4 Bickerby road,
Furham.

"I do not know anyone named Frank Jeaters now. I shall go to my new address, take up my new lodgings and begin my new life to-morrow."

He glanced defiantly across at Markham & Co.'s. At that moment an elderly woman was coming out of the advertising agency. She had been enquiring about the advertisement for Pollie Jeaters, had promised to call again. She gave the name of Mrs. Natchbrook, and an address in the Isle of Dogs.

*(To be Continued.)*

### Buttons.

Mrs. Carper (fretfully)—Another button to sew on! It is sew on buttons and sew on buttons and sew on buttons from morning till night!

Mr. Carper (calmly)—My dear, you ought to have married a rattlesnake.

### Heroic Size.

"That is the statue."

"It's much larger than life size, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes! But no less than he thought he was."

### Sample Chocolate Free.

A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, will secure you samples of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate, with directions for using.

### A Natural Mistake.

"Say you!" yelled Dangerfield.

"Well, you needn't split the atmosphere like that. I'm not deaf."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought you were. I saw you walking on the railway track."

### A Taste of Bliss.

Adonis Flathers (to organist)—My young lady wants to know if you can grind her off a couple worth of popular fascinations for march? You see, we are going to get married in about seventeen years, and we'd like to hear what it sounds like now!

### A Secret of the Toilet.

Mrs. Orfley—Yo' gre't lazy coon! Why didn' yo' clean dat lamp chimbly!

Miss Orfley—Doan' be so ha'sh, mammy. I'm gwine t' d' calpet beatahs' r'cepshun t'-night, an' I wants dat yer lamp-brack t' powdah mah face wif.

### Non-Committal.

Rev. Dr. Bury—Wouldn't you like to go to heaven!

Old Kointuck—Couldn't say, stranger; never been thar.

### Excursion to City of Mexico.

On Nov. 19 to 26 inclusive, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to the City of Mexico at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets good going via Detroit and St. Louis and returning via Chicago, or *vice versa*, valid up to Dec. 31. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given to see this ancient land of the Aztecs. Words fail to describe the majestic and beautiful scenery on this trip, admitted to be without equal on the American continent and not surpassed in the world. Full particulars at the Wabash new office, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

### As Admonished.

Mrs. Mannerly (to her daughter, who has just returned from tea with friends)—I hope you said "no, thank you," oftener than you did, "yes, thank you."

Mabel—Yes, I did. I hadn't been eating more 'n half an hour before they began saying, "don't you think you've eaten enough?" "Aren't you afraid you'll make yourself sick!" And I said "no, thank you," every time.

### Ontario Ladies' College.

We are pleased to learn that the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby has opened with a larger attendance of boarders than ever before in its history. Steps are being taken to put up an additional building, and already $25,000 have been subscribed for that purpose. It is hoped that the corner stone of the new structure will be laid next June. The following is a list of the directors residing in Toronto: Mr. George A. Cox, president; Mr. Warring Kennedy, Mr. W. D. Matthews, Mr. R. C. Hamilton, Mr. J. T. Gordon and Mr. R. J. Score, besides the Rev. Dr. Dewart and other ministerial directors. The Rev. Dr. Hare has been principal since the inauguration of the college in 1874, and has contributed to its present popularity and success.

### Why Not.

Tato struck his head against some marble, without hurting himself much, however.

"You did not cry! Brave boy!" said his mother.

"No," said Tato; "there wasn't anyone there to hear me."


# Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect ! !
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The Ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of the manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. HORNE REDWOOD, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. DE HAILES, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.


### It Was Absent.

"Yes," said young Gingerly, "I loved her and she loved me, but our parents were opposed to the match."

"That was where the hitch came in, was it?" asked Barlow.

"No; that was where the hitch went out."

### It May be Interesting to Know

That when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people who live in the East, to enable them to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal points of tourist points in the West, North-west and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, may have an opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be well to consider this subject in advance of actual time of starting, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued maps and time tables and other instructive reading matter, which it will be glad to furnish free of expense upon application by postal card addressed to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., or to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

### Appropriate.

Kingley—I hear you have named your yacht after your wife.

Bingo—Yes.

Kingley—What is the name?

Bingo—The Tigress.


### Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build them two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree as to their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equaled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of this road is ballasted with stone, and must remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.


### Too Much of a Mother.

Featherstone—What did you leave your suburban boarding place for? I thought your landlady was going to be a mother to you.

Ringway—She was. She wanted me to sleep in a cradle.


Weak stomach strengthened by BERCHAM'S PILLS.


### Les Fiances.

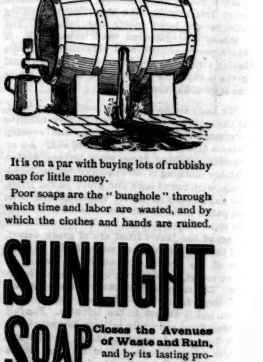
She—And are you sure you will like married life as well as you do your club?

He—Oh, yes.

She—And are you so awfully fond of your club?

He—Not very.


SAVING AT THE SPIGOT AND WASTING AT THE BUNGHOLE IS A POOR KIND OF ECONOMY



It is on a par with buying lots of rubbishy soap for little money.

Poor soaps are the "bunghole" through which time and labor are wasted, and by which the clothes and hands are ruined.

SUNLIGHT SOAP Closes the Avenues of Waste and Ruin, and by its lasting properties, its wonderful cleansing powers and perfect purity, it Saves Time & Labor, and brings Comfort & Satisfaction to all who use it.

IT IS TRUE ECONOMY TO USE THE 'Sunlight' TRY IT

WORKS: PT. SUNLIGHT NEAR BIRKENHEAD LEVER BROS., LIMITED TORONTO

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY PRICE 25 CENTS ZOPELA CHEMICAL CO.

## At the "Baile."

Gerry, engineer at the Aladdin, was drunk. He had been in that condition ever since the grand opening of the Gold Bar liquor dispensary. Barnes, the superintendent of the Aladdin group, was mad. This state of mind is the part of the "old man" also dated from the grand opening aforesaid. These conditions resulted in Mr. Gerry's retirement from his position as engineer, and left him free to exchange his "time," even unto the last cent, for the doubtful oblivion-producer dispensed at the Gold Bar and other institutions of its kind, of which there were several in camp.

The old man hesitated before letting Gerry go. It is usually easy enough to find plenty of men to thump a drill or dump a car, but good engineers are not always available. So Barnes reasoned and pleaded with the erring Gerry, and tried every possible way to get him to sober up and go back to work, but without success. Gerry would promise to go on shift; he would promise anything, and back up his word with much profanity and an occasional flow of maudlin tears; but when the whistle blew for his shift, he would be too drunk to life on the ground without holding on. Once, indeed, Barnes got him to bed and slept him for several hours, and Gerry started for the mine that evening with a lunch-pail and quite an assortment of good resolutions; but the seductive Gold Bar lay almost in his path; he fell, and the next day the old man drove to town to procure another engineer.

The new engineer was rather out of the usual order. I have often wondered how it happened that Barnes took him on; for the old man always insisted that a mine was no place for boys, much less an engine-room. And the newcomer was certainly not a man. He could not have been more than eighteen, to judge from appearances, and was small for his age. But he could handle an engine with the best of them.

"Flies at it like a veteran, doesn't he?" remarked the old man as he watched the new engineer, on the evening of his arrival, handling the engine as though he had made it himself. And Barnes took down the gulch to camp, actually whistling in his satisfaction at having found a competent engineer who did not indulge in any habits likely to incapacitate him for duty.

Next morning, Rice, the assayer, who had been over near the Gila for several days on business for the company, returned. The new engineer and myself were sitting at a rather late breakfast when the assayer entered the dining-room. The latter came over and shook hands with me, and I introduced the new arrival. Rice shook hands with him in his way, glancing at the engineer rather keenly. The latter seemed embarrassed and acted strangely, I thought, though I paid no particular attention to the fact at the time. When, afterwards, I had occasion to think of it, I remembered that Rice was unusually silent that morning for some reason.

The new engineer soon became the most popular man in camp. He was so pleasant and obliging, and, withal, so gentlemanly and nice in his ways, that everybody "cottoned" to him straight off. Maybe it was partly because he was never profane and had no bad habits, but, despite this, never "preached," that we liked him at first. And then we liked him because he was "white"—that is about the most expressive adjective we could apply to him.

And Milly, as we called him (his name was Milton Ladyard), seemed, in return, to take all the boys, in his quiet, undemonstrative way, though it was quite plain that he took a particular liking to Rice. This, in itself, was not surprising. Everybody liked Rice. He was big and handsome, and had a deep bass voice and a jovial, hearty way about him. Moreover, he could shoot quicker and straighter than anyone else in camp; could and did drink more than any other one man in the whole district, without showing it; and was always ready to help the weaker side in a row, albeit even Milly was not more gentle.

But there was something about Milly's admiration for Rice that distinguished it from the liking the rest of us entertained for him. When the engineer was off shift, he invariably stayed around the assay office, or, if Rice was not there, at a saloon, or anywhere else the assayer happened to be—generally at a saloon, more's the pity. When Rice spoke, Milly seemed to hang upon his words, and when he moved about Milly's eyes would follow him in such a queer way. It was evident that Rice did not like to have the little engineer hang about him so closely—he made him nervous, although he never was otherwise than kind to and friendly with the little chap.

"By Jove! old man, this sort of gives me the fidgets," he said to me one day, as we sat chatting in my office, "to have the little cuss tag me around so. I wish he didn't like me quite so well—no, I don't either; but—damn it all, it makes a man feel like a shadowed criminal." He laughed uneasily, and I noticed that his eyes did not meet mine.

The day the first time since I had known him, I wondered if there could have been anything in that old story that was circulated when he ran for the county clerkship five years before, to the effect that there was a rumor, started no doubt by the opposition, to the effect that he was a fugitive from justice, on account of a young woman he had betrayed. But this yarn had gained no credence, and was speedily lost sight of. It seemed impossible that a man, and such a man as Rice, and yet Arthur Rice could have anything in his past to be ashamed of; so it was not long before the story was forgotten. And I, thinking it over, concluded that there was nothing haunting him, and that his shifty actions proceeded from that embarrassment a big, powerful, manly man always feels when he is made much of.

"Let's go over to the *baile* to-night," suggested Rice, at the breakfast table, one morning. "There'll be plenty beer and lots of Gila monsters to dance with. Come on, colonel; we're getting rusty and need a little shaking up. You can get Jerry McNichols little cayuse, and I'll borrow Barnes' nag. Want to go and shake a foot, Milly?" he added, noting the wistful look in the lad's eyes. "All right; let's make up a crowd and go. And put on your best bibs and tuckers, boys—two of old Miles's girls are just back from St. Louis, and we want to create an impression."

So that evening we set off in high spirits—Rice, Milly, Jones and MacTavish—two shift-bosses—and myself. On the way to the Gila we passed through two other camps and were joined by a half dozen others.

When we reached Miles's the dance was in full progress. We could hear the music of the violin and guitar, the clink of the cowboys' high-heeled boots, and the nasal notes of the "caller-off" (evidently from the expression he used—"cow-hand") a long distance away.

We met with the usual hearty welcome of the South-West, and it was not long before we were made, taking a hand in the fun. Milly and I for a while sat and watched the others, and got no end of enjoyment out of it. In the corner nearest us, Rice, with the grace natural to men born south of Mason and Dixon's line, was saying pretty things to a big, freckled, raw-boned "Gila monster," with a pink dress and magenta sash, who responded to his remarks with an occasional "Aw, sho! Yr rhe stuffin' me!" or, "G way, now! Yr must stuffin' me!" or, "G way, now! Yr must think I'm a sawn yisterdiy." MacTavish, with his broad Gaelic brogue, was trying to talk to a pretty Mexican girl whose stock of English was very limited and who could not understand a word he said. But Mac was never so stand-off as when he was doing all the talking, and the young lady's sole response, "*Si, senor—senor*," sent a glance from her dark eyes now and then made him perfectly happy and quite confident that he was making a brilliant impression.

Then, across the room there was a young cowboy, who was dressed up and seemed to feel it. He had on a pair of nobbly striped trousers, seersucker coat and vest, and a blue cotton shirt, with a paper collar; and on his shirt-front was an artificial flower, pink in color, of species unknown and fly-specked to a considerable degree. But he was, oh! so proud of it! Every now and then he would stroke it and readjust it carefully, and his satisfied air clearly proved that he felt himself the best-dressed man in the room. His partner was a tall, thin girl, with red hair worn in a Psyche knot, a red dress, and a white sash.

Presently, between dances, in came a couple of the Miles boys, with beer and lemonade.

"Hold on, you hands!" shouted Mose Miles to the musicians; "wait till I water these yere heifers!" And he proceeded to let the heifers refresh themselves according to preference, informing the men: "Ef you all wants waterin', go tew it; it's thar, an' I sho' ain't goin' to hustle for you cow-hands."

Pretty soon I noticed that Rice was paying considerable attention to one of the Gila girls, a pretty little thing, whose father raised "garden truck" a few miles up the river. He danced half a dozen times with her in succession and did not leave her for an instant. This is never the proper thing and is not good policy where girls are scarce, and I knew it might make trouble, especially as the girl was understood to be as good as engaged to Harve Bragg, who was one of the worst men in the county when feeling disagreeable. And he seemed to be feeling disagreeable this evening. Every few minutes he would return from the room where the beer and whisky were on tap and look scowlingly on at the scene in the big living-room; and I knew enough of him to believe that he was likely to cause trouble presently. I went over and whispered a warning to Rice, but he only shook his head and laughed. "Pshaw! he won't do anything—not to-night, anyhow. All right; I'm only going to dance with her this once more," he whispered; and I left him, half-satisfied, but still somewhat apprehensive of trouble.

It came. The next dance was a quadrille, and Rice and his partner were just taking their places in the first set, when Harve Bragg, his face like a thunder cloud, strode out on the floor and touched the assayer on the arm. As Rice turned, I saw by his eyes that he, too, was affected by the liquor he had drunk, and had, doubtless, been impelled by its influence to act as he did.

"See yere, Mister Man!" hissed Bragg, threateningly; "this yere foolin's b'en goin' on long 'nough. Let loose o' that helfer, an' give a white man a show!"

Rice's eyes blazed. He stepped back a couple of paces, out of hearing of the women, and answered, with quiet earnestness:

"Go to hell, sir! I'd have you understand that no white-eyed cow-puncher can bullyrag me. I'm going to finish this dance—and more, if I choose. But if you have anything to say about it, I'll accommodate you after this quadrille, in any way you like."

Bragg's eyes sparkled. "Guns?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, anything. Go out and wait in the road, by that white rock. I'll be out there when I finish here. When I reach the cut-off down there, begin shooting."

"All right." And Bragg, who was considered the best shot in the country, went quietly away, satisfied. The music struck up, and the dance began as though nothing had happened. Indeed, while everyone knew that there had been trouble, there was only one person besides the principals who had heard the conversation and who knew that the trouble was not yet over—and, presently, he slipped from the room.

Harve Bragg, pacing impatiently up and down the road, waiting, with six-shooter in hand, heard someone coming from back toward the house. He turned at the white rock and halted, his fingers clutching nervously at the stock of his revolver. He could see a figure advancing in the gloom. Nearer, nearer, to where the cut-off left the main road.

Now!

Two shots rang out almost simultaneously. Harve Bragg felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder, but kept pulling the trigger. Two more shots rang out, and Bragg fell to the earth, shot through the lungs, but with sufficient strength left to fire his three remaining shots.

Down in the road we found them both—Bragg just dying, and Milly—poor little Milly, with three wounds—one in the side, through and gasping for breath. Rice and I picked him up and carried him in, and the others cared for Bragg. We had Milly down in Miss Miles's room. He motioned to me to go out and close the door, and I went, leaving Rice alone with him.

Ten minutes later Arthur Rice, with a drawn, deathly look on his handsome face, came into the hall where I was talking to one of the Miles girls.

"Go to her," he said strangely; "it is my wife and she is dead."

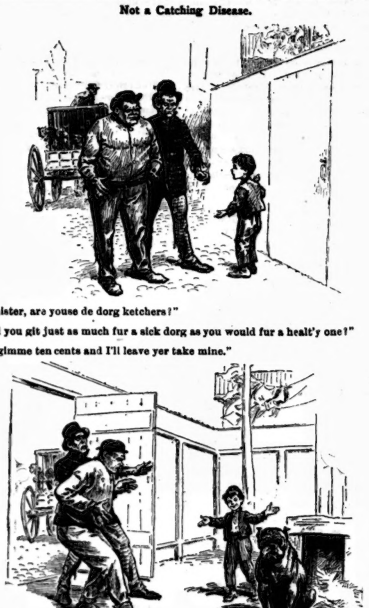
He took my arm and drew me from the house and down to where we had left the horses. The clouds were gone and the moonlight made his livid face look fairly ghastly. We halted and faced each other.

"I lied," he said—"I lied; she was not my wife, except, maybe, in the eyes of God. I deceived her—betrayed her, and died like a coward. I have been sorry, but I heard she was dead and thought I could make no amends. Bury her, old man, and say on the stone, so everybody can see it, 'Alice, beloved wife of Rice MacArthur'—that's my name. I can't bear to stay. Good-bye—good-bye, dear old boy—God bless you."

He thrust some bills into my hand, whispering, "For her," leaped on his horse and was gone—into the hills. I never saw him again. He went to Central America and was murdered by plundering natives a year later.

We buried Alice as he had asked. I wonder if the little woman knew how many sincere mourners she had? And Rice—we missed him too; but maybe both are happier now.—*R. L. Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.*

## Not a Catching Disease.



"Say, mister, are youse de dorg ketchers?"
"Yes."
"Would you git just as much fur a sick dorg as you would fur a healt'y one?"
"Yes."
"Well, gimme ten cents and I'll leave yer take mine."

"Much erbliged, boss. I wouldn't er sold 'im, only he don't feel good—but you kin have him! —*Puck.*

## Frederick Nicholls Crouch.

A few days ago I called at a house in Baltimore, Maryland, which is in an old street called Parkin's row. The exterior of the tenement affords no indication of the social standing of its occupant, and there are many similar in the vicinity, each suggestive of poverty and wretchedness. I was ushered into a carpetless room, and in a moment an old gray-haired man, bending under the weight of eighty-four years, came forward and treated me in a manner both kind and courtly. Subject to what is too often the fate of genius, the octogenarian who stood before me was spending his last days on earth, in the humble tenement of which I have spoken; bravely resigned to all the misery attendant on dire poverty—cut adrift by those who are incapable of appreciating him—by those who probably never heard the immortal song which took the musical world by storm fifty and more years ago. The old man was Frederick Nicholls Crouch, the famous author and composer whose Kathleen Mavourneen has been for half a century a household name in tens of thousands of the English speaking homes of the world.

The interior of the house, though meagrely furnished, with old and well worn furniture, was not without evidences of the lofty soul that dwelt there, and any impression which may be made on a stranger by shabby appearances, instantly vanish when he stands in the presence of the veteran composer—alas! now forgotten by the world. Upon the dusty walls hung several valuable though discolored pictures, representing many of the celebrated battlefields of Europe and America—portraits of musicians, of poets, and soldiers, who lived years ago, and among whom, surrounded by grandeur and grandeur, the old musician moved. The feeling of admiration produced by all these mementos of the past is suddenly turned into one of sadness when the visitor sees, in a corner of the room, almost breaking with age, the old man's piano. It was covered with a cloth that possibly was green fifty years ago, and upon it was piled music and manuscripts in endless profusion. A glance among them revealed the names of great pianists, and of other musical celebrities of a bygone age, who, having climbed to the pinnacle of fame and fortune, left the subject of this memoir:

"As one who feels he treads alone
A banquet hall deserted."

The keys of the old instrument, which to him has been a life-long friend, are yellow and smooth with age, and its harmony is silenced forever. But its work is not yet done; for he showed me several recent compositions which he is about to put on the stage, with the fond hope, never to be realized, that they will be received as were those of old. They are not the songs of years ago, nor are they scarcely awaited by music publishers. Kathleen Mavourneen is unmatched in the long list of his many works. A few of them may possibly be remembered. They are: *Zaquarra* of Love, written for and sung by Miss Annie Tree; The Swiss Song of Meeting, sung by the famous diva Mme. Mailbran; Echoes of the Lakes, Echoes of the Past, Bardic Remains, Songs of the Olden Times, Songs of the Past, Songs of the Abbeys and Cathedrals, Wayside Melodies, Melodies of Other Lands, Dermott Asthore and many others.

Mr. Crouch was born in Warren street, Fitzroy square, London, on the 14th July, 31, 1808. His father, William F. Crouch, was a composer of instrumental music, and one of the leading violoncellists at the Royal Italian Opera. His mother was Anne Maria Nicholls, daughter of Counsellor Nicholls, a celebrated London barrister. From time immemorial the Crouch family have been among the foremost in the arts and sciences. Through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were noted as a family of genius, and some paintings still exist in Exeter Cathedrals, as models of art, which were executed by the Crouch family.

From the early age of nine years he has been connected with some theater or philharmonic society. He spent many years at Drury Lane theater, in London, where he assisted in the production of John Howard Payne's Clara, the Maid of Milan, in which Home, Sweet Home was sung for the first time by Miss Stephens, who subsequently became the Countess of Essex.

On one occasion, while Crouch was executing a difficult composition before Rossini, Bochsa, the conductor, was so amazed at his delicacy of touch and rendition of tone that he made him his pupil. He was then twenty years of age. As a singer he had already made himself a name, and before he was of age he became a member of the choirs at St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and at the Chapel Royal. He became a student of the Royal Academy of Music and devoted much of his time to the works of Handel. He was also a student under Crevilli, the celebrated italian. His services were in frequent demand at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, and his talent, there displayed, led to his promotion, as gentleman of Queen Adelaide's private band. If report said he manned he attended the funeral services of William IV. and the coronation of Queen Victoria.

During his life in England, among his friends were numbered: Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Hemans, Sheridan Knowles, Mark Lemon, Campbell, Rogers and many others who moved in the literary world.

In 1849 he came to America. After filling many engagements and everywhere meeting with success, he went to Washington. But his restless spirit took him to Richmond, where he sang on a salary of $4,000 per annum. He was next found as a private in the Confederate army drawing $15 a month. He served through the war, then took a position as gardener, and afterwards got employment in a varnish factory in Baltimore. As time wore on he again turned to his music to support his family. For a time he gave lessons, and again commenced to write songs which have not met with a ready sale.

Prof. Crouch, as he is known in Baltimore, is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Science, Art and Letters, of London, a doctor of music, master of arts of seven different universities, and Druidic bard and president of the Historical Brotherhood of the State of Maryland.

He gave me his photograph, and as he wrote his name on the back, he said: "Soon the old bard will be forgotten, and may be a little reminder that you knew him." Some time ago it was reported he was dying but he regained strength and about a month ago went to Portland, Maine, where he was invited to a banquet and reception in his own honor. Much favorable comment at the time appeared in the press. He is now lingering exceedingly ill, and when I remarked the fact he straightened up and laughingly said: "Yes, I feel like a broken one." He added in a sadder tone: "But I have had my day." He showed me a tender tribute paid him by James Whitcomb Riley, which the old man deeply appreciated.

No wonder that he should prize more than those in that tribute, wherewith to close this sketch of one who at no distant day will be numbered among the world's distinguished sons who have gone to the grave in misery.

Kathleen Mavourneen!—The song is still singing,
As fresh and as clear as the tells of the lark;
In world-weary souls it is sobbing and singing,
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest words.
O! have we forgotten the one who first breathed it—
O! have we forgotten his rapturous art—
Our meed is the same where genius succeeded it?
O why art thou silent, thou voice of the heart?
Kathleen Mavourneen; thy lover still lingers;
The long night is wearing the rain pain and tear,
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bowed with his woes, as the lily with dew;
The old harp strings quaver—the old voice is shaking—
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain—
The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking,
O! Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

—*F. C. O'Hara in Chatham Planet.*

## How They Were Married.

The wife of a popular preacher says that a fine looking young farmer, with a good team, with an ox whip in his hand, knocked at the door and was shown into the parlor. There he laid his whip upon the mantelpiece and proceeded to make known his errand.

"I say, parson," he began, with some embarrassment, "I was to figger round to-day t' get things fixed to my mother, so I could come up here along with a girl and git married!"

"Certainly," said the minister. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Wal," answered the farmer, "I've got my license—that's all ready; I got it more than a week ago. And now I've got a place to get married at. That's two things. But I haven't said anything to the girl yet. She's in town to-day, though, and I saw her in passing by some things, and I'm going right down now to ask her."

He took down his whip, flung it over his shoulder and went out of the door and down the street.

The minister and his wife laughed, but the wife was often to the window and peeped out to see if the couple were in sight.

More than an hour passed; she had nearly given them up; but at last the expectant pair came in, and the parson's wife expressed it, "a perfect little beauty and as neat as a pin."

"I had lots of trouble finding her," said the young farmer, by way of explanation.

Then they stood up and were married, while the bride seemed hardly to know whether to smile or to weep, but when the ceremony was over and the minister's wife said something to her about it being so sudden, she replied, while tears trimmed her eyes:

"But you see, ma'am, I've loved Jim ever since I can remember, and he was just too stupid to find it out."

## Davy Crockett's Gun.

I saw Davy Crockett shot at a crowd of crack shots, said Judge Asa Musgrove, one of the early pathfinders, who was *en route* for his home in Indiana. It was in the year 1834. Shortly before the outbreak of the war between Texas and Mexico. I was in Santa Fe. A party of a dozen or more were shooting at a target with rifles when a stranger rode up, threw his leg across the pommel of his saddle and watched the sport. He had a long rifle strapped behind his saddle, and was one of those old-fashioned affairs, heavily ornamented with silver. He was inclined to criticize the shooting, and was invited to set the pace. He replied that he never threw away any ammunition, but that if they would put up their crack shot he would shoot with him for ten Mexican dollars.

The crowd agreed, and the stranger unslung his gingerbread gun, as his opponent dubbed it.

"Perhaps y'd like to raise the bet?" said the stranger, as he ambled up to the crowd.

It was doubled, then trebled. He then offered to bet his gun against that of his opponent. The wager was accepted, and the stranger brought his rifle to his shoulder. The muzzle wabbled badly, and someone cried out that he was going to shoot a circle around the target. The stranger lowered his gun and offered to wager his horse against forty Mexican dollars on the result. His proposition was promptly accepted, and he once more brought the gingerbread gun to his shoulder. But it did not wabble this time. He put a bullet in the exact center of the target, and then two more through the same hole, winning easily. As he rode off someone cried out, asking his name.

"Davy Crockett," came the reply, and the party adjourned to the nearest saloon without another word.

## Won't be Caught Out in the Rain.

Rowne de Bout—Putson Call is under a cloud just now.

Upson Downes—Well, you may trust him to steal an umbrella before the storm breaks.

## Escaping the Dangers of the Deep.

"Did you see those river mice scampering up from the water?"

"Yes. They're trying to get away from the cat-fish."

## Splendid.

"I've got a scheme," said Sellars.

"What is it?"

"Why not feed sheep on the cotton plant and grow shoddy right on the animal!"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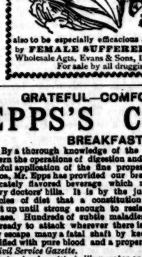

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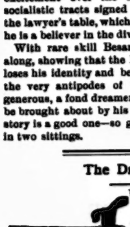
## A Capital Story.

The Ivory Gate, by Walter Besant, and published in Canada by the National Publishing Company, is a book that will assuredly make a noise. It has in it a resemblance to the strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with this difference, that the metamorphosis is not caused by a drug and the change does not make the man a demon or a savage beast, but a lovable philanthropist with a scheme for wiping out poverty and misery. It treats of a mental disease. A prominent London lawyer who had been a great brain worker all his life, finds himself falling into daily reveries lasting for hours. He supposes he is asleep at such times, but his old confidential clerk knows that he goes out and comes in while in these stupors, but does not tell him, fearing it will cause his master to retire from business. An entry is discovered in the bank book showing that the lawyer had paid $720 to one Edmund Gray by check. He knows of no such person, calls his clerks, hunts up the returned check, and pronounces the signature a forgery—remarkably clever, but still a forgery. After eight years other forged letters turn up and valuable bonds are removed from the private safe, and on being traced are found to be banked to the credit of Edmund Gray. The old lawyer and his friend are in a great excitement over the matter, especially as socialistic tracts signed by Gray are found on the lawyer's table, which makes him furious, as he is a believer in the divine right of property.

With rare skill Besant carries the matter along, showing that the lawyer in his reveries loses his identity and becomes Edmund Gray, the very antipodes of his real self—genial, generous, a fond dreamer of an ideal future to be brought about by his personal efforts. The story is a good one—so good that I read it all in two sittings. MACK.

## The Drama.



JUDAH is a great play with Willard in the title *role*, and the people of Toronto are feeling a particular admiration for Manager Sheppard in that he so adroitly lit upon his feet when tossed into the air by that theater fire in Cleveland. The Hanlon's suffered considerably by the conflagration and telegraphed their inability to fill their engagement here. This message came Saturday morning and by Saturday evening Mr. Sheppard was able to announce to enquiring friends that he had arranged with Willard, and by wire had bought off his engagements for the first three nights of the week; further, that Judah, the play which almost every person who poked a head into the box office window enquired about, would be played. He also had secured The Players Stock Company, which recently appeared at the Academy of Music, to occupy the boards for the latter half of the week. Legitimate enterprise is admirable and in this instance the manager of the Grand made a tall record. Mr. Willard had been interviewed by newspaper men, deputations of theater-goers, and an anxious and endless stream of individuals made it a point to wait upon Manager Sheppard, urging that Judah be put on, but to the pleadings of the manager and the public alike, the actor declined to substitute Judah for The Middleman, even for one night last week. Firmness is something of a characteristic with Mr. Willard. If he said he was going to stand on a certain spot, the roof might slowly sag and cave in, but he would be found holding down the spot referred to. A man of such firmness seems able somehow to hold up roofs with the pillars of his resolution; but if the roof should fall, it appears as though his will stands up above his head and divides the falling mass, causing it to drop to each side, leaving him unharmed. I am using the roof as a figure merely, but we have seen enough of Mr. Willard to warrant the use of that figure. He is an altogether new experience—like Disraeli he comes to lay down conditions, not to discuss terms. He this and it is that, wherever he goes, local customs to the contrary notwithstanding. Well, if he has the strength to carry such a position right through, all the better for him and none the worse for us. In fact, all the better for those of us who attend the theater for the sake of the play. He had the best of it with the students Monday night. He was right. The students could surely have a bigger time if they attended a howling melodrama and turned loose their keen wits upon the stalking villain, the exuberant heroine and the herculean gentleman of a hero. Surely the students admire genius and fine acting—surely they know something worth looking at and listening to when they see and hear it! Willard's Judah was a bit of fervid work that a student might have studied with profit—no figure so fine, no voice so magnificent, no spirit so intense, will be on the stage of the Grand again this year.

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Judah is not so much a one-man play as The Middleman. Various members of the company have a chance to do good work. Mr. Royce Carleton as Mr. Dethic proves himself to be a high-class comedian, and Mr. F. H. Tyler as Juxon Prall was extremely clever. It would be hard to conceive two parts more different than those taken by him in the two plays, yet in each he was nearly faultless. Mr. Harry Cane, who made such a faithful Batty Todd, in the former play, made a clever Prof. Jopp in the latter, while Miss Marie Burroughs as Vashti Dethic proved her fitness to be Willard's leading lady. She has an admirable gift for calling into her face a look of hopeless despair, silent and undemonstrative, notably when she stood up beside Judah and in response to his pleadings confessed herself an impostor; and earlier, when they two were alone and a silence fell upon them. One who is not an actor cannot turn silence to much account. Miss Nannie Craddock as Lady Eve was natural and sincere and looked her part exactly.

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It is said that Mr. Willard intends some day to play Hamlet. I hope it may be soon and that he may bring it here, for in the grand part of the mad prince he will have scope for all his talent. Willard's Hamlet should almost be worth visiting England to see.

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The proposal to charge fifty cents admission to the gallery of the Grand next Hallowe'en so as to shut out the students, and the belief expressed by several papers that this would prove efficacious, is really too absurd. If the prices were raised, the students would simply make it a matter of honor to turn out all the more and all the merrier. If the price was raised to a dollar it would not diminish the number of students by one—they would pay without a grumble, but they would, every man jack of them, make a dollar's worth of disturbance instead of twenty-five cents' worth. Although this is true, the proposal to double on the boys is all right—the manager and the company should get financial recompense for the injury done to their tempers. Let us be honest about this thing. While I think the students were badly advised in disturbing so fine a performance, yet the people who crowded the house had, as a rule, nothing to complain of. Hundreds of them came purposely to hear the students. I met a dozen people who had secured seats in advance and a dozen more who expressed regret because they could not go—the students caused a rush. And notwithstanding what has happened, there will be a rush next Hallowe'en. I would be sorry to encourage rioters who need no encouragement, but the truth seldom effects any lasting injury. The students do not pinch quarters as tight as some of the papers profess to believe. They are more given to squandering than to miserliness—many of them have too much money for their own good, and those who have little follow Ingersoll's advice, and when they have a dollar to spend they spend it as though it were a dry leaf and they the owner of boundless forests.

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In the play at the Academy this week, five magnificent lions are made to go through a programme of tricks, and every eye in the house is fascinated by the royal beasts. Some may have shared with me a feeling of remonstrance and regret that those great animals should occupy a place so different from that allotted them by nature. Two of them would climb upon opposite ends of a plank and a dog would jump on the center and teeter the huge beasts. This was only one of the many tricks performed. Occasionally a gleam of the real, majestic nature of the lion would crop out but it would vanish at a lash from the whip. The lions are trained, they are tamed, they are actors, and one shabby old brute actually traversed the den with the swagger of a stage villain—no doubt picked up by long century of actors through his cage. I have seen pictures of keepers throwing huge quarters of beef to caged lions, but Col. Boone only threw very small slices of steak to his animals, and so the real thing was less fascinating than the pictures. The play itself, like so many other melodramas, has in it the abduction of a girl by a villain. One would suppose, from attending all the melodramas that are produced, that girls were being stolen every day all around us, and that fond fathers were asking villains to restore "my che-ild" every day, too, and receiving a horse-laugh for answer. However, that is a fault of playwrights and not of actors. Perhaps the most striking figure in Under the Lion's Paw is Chas. O'Brien as Johnnie the Clown. He and his large, bully-ragged wife look like a couple who had walked bodily out of one of Dickens' novels. F. P. Lamager as Jack Carrington was all right in his second appearance after reforming, but in the opening scene, as a dissipated artist, he was too laabored. The show has drawn good houses, for lions are something of a novelty here.

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Edwin Arden is a spirited young actor, and Eagle's Nest is an exceedingly eventful play. Jacobs & Sparrow's has been crowded all week. Arden himself is a fine-looking fellow and considerably above the run of actors who handle sensational *roles*. He really acts and understands the art of speaking naturally and forcefully, while having an exceptional grace of movement. The play is a good one, although it has a few too many death grips and revolvers, but everyone has not an antipathy to seeing guns drawn, as was evidenced by the applause which constantly greeted the leading people in the piece. Mr. Harry Mack as Daniel Dibsey was extra good and provoked constant laughter without seeming to be trying to do so. He has a rare face and looked the liquor-loving, good-hearted, shiftless lawyer to a nicety. These two men stand out conspicuously, although the balance of the company is very good. Arden is getting quite a reputation as a sensational actor, he has a good manager, and being a fine, likable fellow he will do well. Those who enjoy a good realistic melo-drama enjoyed Eagle's Nest this week.

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Mr. Gerald Donaldson of this town is playing with Love and Money, and was in St. Louis last week, where the papers lavished particular praise upon his work. He takes a new conception of his part, different from that drawn from it by those preceding him, and it appears that the critics applaud him without stint.

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Next week the Fast Mail will appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's. It is a spectacular production, showing Niagara Falls, a steamboat race and railroad trains in full motion. The company carries about the heaviest stock of scenery and stage settings of any on the road.

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At the Academy next week will appear Hoyt's new play, A Temperance Town, under the author's own management. It is very well spoken of, and the original Madison Square Theater cast is billed to present it here. The play was suggested by a certain proceeding at law in the courts of Vermont, the defendant being found guilty of seven hundred and fifteen offences against the liquor laws, and sentenced to pay ten dollars for each offence or serve three days' imprisonment for each dollar his fine would amount to. Special matinee on Thanksgiving Day.

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The latter half of the week at the Grand was filled by the Players' Stock Company with the same bill as recently presented at the Academy. Next week Mile. Rhea and her company will play Albert Roland Havern's historical drama, Josephine, Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing, and Victorien Sardou's Princess Andrea. That is a great bill and should draw. MACK.

## 'Varsity Chat.

WITH the advent of the annual games, and with the defeat of 'Varsity II. by Hamilton II. last Saturday, sports at 'Varsity may be said to have reached the culminating point this season. The short remaining time during which Nature allows the festive sport to pursue his avocation, during which the venerable senior joins with the verdant freshman in pursuing round the campus the elusive football, during which lectures are, to some extent at least, neglected, and hard study is out of the question, will be filled up with inter-year matches of local interest, but the great contests of the year have come and gone, and even the more ardent spirits among the sporting element are seriously thinking of "getting down to work." This year's sporting season has on the whole been a satisfactory one. It has seen the triumph of Orton among the crack sprinters of the United States; it has seen the organization of a more substantial lacrosse club than has yet been inaugurated around 'Varsity—a club which promises yet to distinguish itself; it has seen sports of every kind more generally participated in and a more lively interest manifested in them by the student body as a whole than ever before; and it has seen the successful termination of annual sports inferior in point of interest and of finance to none that have gone before. One of the most marked features of sports this season is the growing prominence of Rugby football. Some of the years have organized separate Rugby teams. The School of Science possesses a flourishing fifteen. Even the different honor courses have entered the field. The political science men of the four years have challenged all the rest of the college to play "the game of Rugby." It seems to be taking the place of Association in the popular estimation. Unless its sister game conspicuously revives she will be pushed aside in favor of her bolder companion. Talking about Rugby reminded us that 'Varsity II. were beaten by Hamilton II., 13 to 15. Great hopes had been entertained of our second team. It was confidently expected that the swiftness of Harry Moore and Willie Hargraft together with Charlie Moss's sure passing would make the half back line a veritable tornado, but when Saturday afternoon came a heavy drizzle filled the air; the ground was wet and soggy and the outside halfs could not run, while the ball was so wet that sure passing was an utter impossibility. But even with these disadvantages it is highly probable, indeed it is a practical certainty, that had it not been for certain little eccentricities of the referee, 'Varsity would have won. It is always dangerous to let a man referee who does not know anything about the game, or one who has neither force of character nor good judgment. He may make a mistake.

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The annual sports were very successful, as indeed they always are. When President Strath of the sport committee was asked if they had "cleared expenses," he said, "Yes, we have surplus enough to give the committee a good dinner," from which, knowing as we do the excellent appetites possessed by those worthies, we are forced to conjecture that the receipts must have been prodigious. The main events were the half mile, the 440, the 220, and the mile. In the half mile Orton won, as was one expected, but he was closely pushed all the way by Grant, who both in this race and in the mile surprised all by the splendid run he made. Grant is a new star and promises to distinguish himself before long. Hamilton won the 220 after a hard race in which Porter pushed him closely, and the unconquerable Orton won the 440 after a splendid finish; Charles Pratt and Ralph Hooper were right on his heels. Porter still holds the championship medal. On the whole the games were good; long may they continue so to be. The inter-year football matches this year promise well. The cross-country run excites a good deal of interest, and it is thought that Grant will push Orton hard. 'Varsity will turn out a good hockey team this winter, being strengthened by Jack Gilmour and "Biddy" Barr of R. C. C. But as I look out upon yonder noble campus and watch the big athletic contests now taking place, I think how soon it will be covered with a mantle of white, when its quietude will only be disturbed by the hurrying footstep of the pale-faced, spectacled student, in mortal dread of missing the opening words of a nine o'clock lecture.

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By a debate at our literary society it has been decided that it would not be beneficial to the United States should the Republican party win next week. Messrs. W. H. Pease, W. S. Carroll and Biggar praised the Republicans, while Messrs. S. B. Woods, B. A. C. Craig and C. A. Moss told of the blessings held in store by the Democrats. The readers of current literature showed to great advantage over the dwellers with formal thought. Political theories are all right, but to use Grover Cleveland's stolen phrase, "It is a situation, not a theory, that confronts us."

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Miss Telfer, Miss Jeffrey and Messrs. Lingelbach, A. S. McKay and John Cronyn contributed to the success of the meeting on French authors of the Modern Language Club on Monday last, and Miss Comme and Mr. McKinnon were elected first year councillors.

Those of '95 "festivated" on Saturday evening last in the Y. M. C. A. hall and Mr. W. A. Phillips was elected president, while the proceedings were enlivened by songs, poems, etc., by Miss Balmer, Miss Roberts and Messrs. R. S. Jenkins, Cresby and Knox. ADAM RUFUS.

## An Etching.

The mountain sloped away down until the trees at its base seemed like mere bunches of prairie grass. You could reach out your hand and comb the clouds with your open fingers. Two travelers and a native guide, each carrying poles with sharp hooks on the end, paused exhausted on the crest of the mountain and noted these things. They noted, further, the massive rocks, a cubic acre in measurement, which long ago had been tossed furiously about by Nature in one of her demoniacal moods, and over everything the slime of lava from the now quiet volcano, like cold, hardened, wasted gravy thrown out from this back window of hell. The great mouth of the volcano lay open before them several miles wide and nearly a thousand feet deep, while near its distant and deep center rose up several cones from which belched sulphurous steam and flickering lights.

Preceded by the guide, the travelers cautiously descended the thousand feet of almost precipitous rock, and then at a brisker pace struck across the uneven, scraggy lava-bed towards the great cone of all. Up, up its side, and then another sight below them—the lake of fire and brimstone, nothing less. Boiling, sputtering, bubbling and roaring like Niagara—yet every movement slow, and awful in its very slowness. The guide tied a cloth over his mouth to prevent sulphurous suffocation, and the travelers did the same.

Then one of the Englishmen pointed to a spot where notches had been made as though to aid some adventurous spirit to descend into that reeking cauldron. The guide nodded an intimation that it could be done, and holding out his hand received a tiny piece of gold. The other traveler's face was white as death; he shook with fear that sought no concealment—drawing back, refusing to go, and imploring the others to give up the idea and hasten away. This was all in pantomime, for no word could be heard in that tremendous roar. But the others laughed and motioned him to await there until they returned.

Another descent more dangerous than anything like it in all the world, for if one fragment was displaced it might loosen ten above it, and these might loosen a thousand and cause an avalanche that would in an instant carry the climbers into the heaving fluid of fire below. Hands bleeding, almost suffocated with sulphur, almost fried with fervent heat, they reached a place where they might pause and observe. The traveler looked up and waved his stick triumphantly towards his friend on the brink.

The friend peered down a moment then—what does he mean? He rushes frantically along the edge, heedlessly, recklessly near, waves his hat and disappears for a second—then an object shoots over the brink, dark against the fire-reflecting clouds above; an object with tossing arms and legs, down, down like a plummet, past the crouching figures of the traveler and the guide, into the boiling, bubbling, swirling lake of fire and brimstone.

Not a ripple disturbed the surface, not the slightest commotion occurred—an awung the syrup of melted rock. The traveler threw his arms about the guide and screeched, but in that roaring pit his voice was not strong enough even to accost his own ears.

Fear had made the man above a maniac, and the vortex lured him in. ZEKE.

## If the Union Station Fell Down

The *World* got hold of a new reporter last year about a fortnight before that big boarding-house on College street toppled over into an adjoining excavation. The new man daily attended a feedery up in the northwest part of the city and in his walks to the office he passed along College street.

Although the catastrophe had happened on Sunday morning, it was midnight before news of it reached the *World* office, and City Editor Ewan immediately despatched two men to write it up. When the two got through their work an interested group surrounded them in the reporters' room to hear their description of the curious manner in which one wall of the house had given way and allowed all of the furniture, including a piano, to slide into the cellar which was being dug on the next lot.

Suddenly the new man spoke.

"Yes, it was a great wreck," he drawled. "I saw it when I was coming down at two o'clock this afternoon."

"You did," gasped Mr. Ewan, "and we nearly missed it." He tried to speak further but emotion made him dumb.

Next afternoon when the city editor was making up "the book" he assigned the new man to "do" the Union Station. As the recent addition to the staff was leaving the office, with a great flourish, his chief stopped him.

"By the way, Jenkinson," said he, "if the Union Station falls down you might make a note of it." PEACEFUL JONES.

### Annexation

"Say, Smith, you remember Chawley, the wealthy young English fellow in our set?"

"Yes; what about him? Haven't seen him lately."

"Oh, he's gone in for Annexation."

"You don't say so! Why, he used to be such a strong Federationist."

"Yes, but he's just married a rich widow from New York."

"Pshaw, that's not Annexation, that's Commercial Union." BRUCE.

### All in the Family.

"I hear that your head clerk is to marry your daughter!"

"What's the odds? I had to support him, anyhow."

### Natural

"What did his wife do when she found the hair on his coat?"

"She combed him down."

## The Strange Sweet Girl.

*For Saturday Night.*

I saw the girl I love to-day;
My heart had told me she was there,
And thro' the city dull and gray
She shed a glory everywhere.
I saw her in the crowded street,
Her presence scorched me like a flame,
She does not know me when we meet,
She's never even heard my name;
But oh, the world is bright to-night,
And I may let my heart stringe play,
And give my foolish fancy flight—
I've seen the girl I love to-day.

But I must quaff a bitter cup!
My love for her I'll never tell;
At this my rebel heart leaps up,
And madly beats against its cell;
It chokes me in my troubled sleep
And cries aloud in its distress;
All prostrate it doth wail and weep
And rails against its loneliness.
But oh, to-night it gives no cry,
My soul leaps ladders gold and gay,
And gladness steeps me o'er—for I
Have seen the girl I love to-day.

The winging birds that past me fly,
The pearl beneath the sounding sea,
Yon little star high in the sky,
Are not so far away as she.
Yet it is folly thus to sigh,
Madness—call it what you will;
It is—it may be so, but I
Will love her—love her—love her still.
I won't forget her if I might;
My loyal heart will never stray,
And this is why I'm glad to-night,
I saw the girl I love to-day.

I'll love her till the Doom is done,
And all is darkness overhead;
I'll love her till the glaring sun,
Is stricken blind and Time is done.
Oh, strange sweet girl, where'er you go,
For weal or woe, as maid or wife,
No one can ever love you so,
As I have loved you all my life.
Oh, strange sweet girl, so fair and bright,
For your dear sake I've learned to pray,
My happy heart will sleep to-night,
I saw the darling face to-day.

Rushdale Farm. R. K. KENNIGHAN (THE KHAN)

## This Mixed Up World.

*For Saturday Night.*

Is there any use in troubling one's head
About half the things that are done, or said,
In this mixed up world of cures?
For some women will swag, and men will brag,
The strong will conquer, and the weak will lag
In this mixed up world of cures.

Is there any use in troubling one's head
Because somebody said that somebody said,
Something about another somebody?
For gossips live now as in the days of yore;
And such people, you know, never run ashore
For something to say about somebody.

Can you see any use in troubling one's head,
If the rich live high and the poor are not fed,
In this mixed up world of cures?
Such things have been and are likely to be,
Notwithstanding the efforts of you and of me,
In this mixed up world of cures.

Is there any use in troubling one's head,
Though millions of people are captive led
In this mixed up world of cures?
And sin and sorrow stalk in our sight,
And fill our souls with a sad affright,
In this mixed up world of cures?

Such things have been and are likely to be,
Notwithstanding the efforts of you and of me,
In this mixed up world of cures.
So, while we may labor, and while we may pray,
Let us try to be cheerful as long as we stay
In this mixed up world of cures.

Things may be straightened out, by and by,
Though many sad tangles we can descry,
In this mixed up world of cures.
Anyhow, it is wisest for you and for me
Not to trouble too much about what we see
In this mixed up world of cures. A. J. W.

## A Song for My Love.

*For Saturday Night.*

God bless the girl I love!
I long to greet those lips so sweet,
Hear accents from above,
And tenderest words, like songs of birds,
Distilling sympathy so sweet,
Encouraging my weary feet.
God bless my love!

God ever with her stay!
Her eyes so bright, chasing dull night
And every care away,
So soft, so clear, so full of cheer,
They seem like gates of paradise,
All heaven peering through those eyes,
God bless, to-day!

God bless her soul this day!
So rich in love, my sweetest dove,
All virtues with her stay,
Her queenly state, yet soul so great,
She has kind words for the poorest wight,
While friends and home are her delight,
God with her stay! A. W. CRAWFORD.

## Bright Eyes.

*For Saturday Night.*

To M——

Bright eyes, so winsome and merry,
So witching and slender and fair—
The stars in their radiant beauty
Cannot with ye compare.
As bright as the dancing sunbeams
Chasing the rain away,
As clear as the sparkling waters
That gladden the thirsty day.

As pure as the halo of glory
Adorning yon queenly moon,
And soft as a glowing sunset
In the beautiful month of June
Sweet eyes so tender and trusting
May never ye know a tear,
But with a gladdening lustre
Grow brighter, year by year.

J. F. DELANEY.

## November.

*For Saturday Night.*

November's here, the month best known for chills;
They go careering down the back,
They play sad havoc with the nerves, alack!
Until, if wishing to dispel the ills,
One has to take a triple dose of pills.
Rash drought doth put the suffering soul to rack,
As heading down the spine it takes its track,
And with all sorts of pain the body fills.
O ye November winds that rattle by,
That rashly, madly fly about the town,
That grasp us tightly till we're weak and sore,
Why are ye happy when ye hear the cry:
"Say, will you kindly pull that window down?
Pray, will you kindly shut that door?" A. A. S.

## Between You and Me.

"THE Turks say that he who loves a good smell is fit for Paradise," remarked a small woman one day lately. I wonder what place he who loves a bad smell is prepared for! The other evening, as we rode down to the Grand in one of those gaudy but unreliable Sherbourne street cars, with our minds attuned to happiness and our lungs full of fresh night air, a party joined us. Presently Mr. Gay remarked: "I think I will go on the platform for a while," and before very long I thought if I had only been warmly enough dressed that I should have followed him. It was such a smell! a bad, bold, wicked, depraved smell! and it came rolling up the aisle in a masterful manner; it was first cousin to iodoform; aunt on the father's side to carbolic acid, and some near relation of molten asphaltum. Of course, you know, it was the moth preventive in the lady's furs, and she who bore about the odoriferous compound was as apparently unconscious of her misdoings as though she had been steeped in otto of roses or Jean Maria de Farina's best! That is not all. She, or some other, came to church with it on Sunday, and the incense of our prayers was accompanied by what was very far from perfume. Moths are persistently sure-lived, sly and wicked, but I am certain *that* moth preventive would rout them! Only, dear ladies, I prithee take the trouble when winter comes to hang out your furs in the searching breezes for a few hours before you wear them in a street car or a church.

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Once more on the rules for church behavior. I don't think they included directions for the proper demeanor of my lady when she goes to church with my lord. In our reverent and circumspect congregation we don't often see the need for this addition, but everyone knows the couple who go to church for the purpose of sitting close together, giggling, whispering and generally meriting a sound whipping. They came to our church Sunday night, he in patent leathers and a very bass voice, which he exercised in growls and confidential grumbles in her too willing ear; she, pretty and pink, with only sense enough to look devout and bow her head to conceal her giggles. They talked incessantly, to the openly expressed disgust of some worthy folk behind them, and they nearly had hysterics over the printed notice in the back of the prayer-book that a man may not marry his grandmother. How I longed to be behind them! Why, only I and my worthy hat pin would ever have known. I wonder why they came to church? Was it the only place where they could sit and whisper in comfort? How gladly would I have given them my latchkey and the freedom of my best parlor, if only they had let me know before service began. It must be hard on them, poor things! Either to walk the dark and gusty evening streets, hang on the gate until they contract influenza and rheumatism, or disturb a whole transeptful of church-goers. I think there ought to be some place for them, where little brothers and sisters don't come, and there are softer seats than the polished maple of the church benches, and more secluded nooks than the electric-lighted house of prayer. All kinds of guilds and charities and assembly halls are going up and flourishing, why not have a Homeless Lover's Society, where he of the patent leathers and she of the giggles could be taken in and cared for as their peculiarities demanded? A collection could be taken up to support the idea, in such churches as these couples are in the habit of attending, with, I am sure, large receipts.

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Tennyson is dead! says a paragraphist in one of last week's English exchanges. Yes—true enough—and buried too, my friend, and the world has turned away from the wreaths and the songs and the abbey, and goes about querying and worriting over who shall take his place. "Not Swinburne," shriek all the old maids and Mrs. Grundys. "If only Miss Rossetti had been born a boy!" says someone else. "How would the Marquis of Lorne do?" suggests Mr. William Morris, who doesn't apparently hanker after the laurels himself. I wonder how many people read Joaquim Miller's lines on the passing away of the laureate! Strong, original and lofty, like the soul of the poet of the Sierras are they! and one looks up at Mars and wonders if the fiery planet, about which we have heard so many funny jokes this summer, yet waits for another poet's soul, or is he, as Miller sings, content with Tennyson's?

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For nearly a full decade I have wanted to be in the opera house some evening when the students were out in force. I was there on Monday. Ah me! It sounds so jolly to read in the morning papers about the carryings on, the choruses, the cheers and the man with the mouth organ. Those who were not there say "What larks!" Those who were, remember ruefully the aching head, the coarse boorish laugh, the dirty, floating papers and the senseless uproar, and are half cross and half sorry but not one mite amused. It was almost worth while, though, to hear the noise and vulgarity for the sake of seeing the flash of Willard's eyes, hearing the cutting rebuke of his tone and watching the changing expression of his mobile face, as he was in turn indignant, crafty and triumphant. What police and audience and decency could not compel this knowing Welsh parson won from the hoodlums, unutterable as they were. As to the play, it was utterly robbed of its charm by the upper ten in the top gallery, but seen under different circumstances and played as Willard and his company play it, it must be one of the most perfect of plays. LADY GAY.

## Individualities.

One thousand eight hundred girls were graduated from the Boston cooking schools during the past year.

Helen Keller, the gifted blind girl of Alabama, whose name is becoming as well known as was that of Laura Bridgman, has written a story for *St. Nicholas*, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the children's building at the World's Fair.

Dr. Annie Wilson Patterson is a distinguished young musical director and composer, who is making a high reputation in Dublin. She is conductor and director of the Dublin Choral Union, and is the only lady doctor of music in the United Kingdom except the Princess of Wales.

Joseffy, the pianist, has been practicing nine hours a day for the past year, and those who have heard him play recently say that he will astonish his audiences in the grand tour which he intends making this winter. Marie Roze will retire from the operatic stage and will give lessons in Paris to English, French and American students in operatic singing and acting.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who recently became eighty-three years old, had the good fortune, the distinguished honor, as he himself terms it, of being born the same year with Gladstone, Darwin, Tennyson and Lincoln. The genial doctor, philosopher and poet was very smart and active when his last birthday was celebrated. His eye was bright and his mind clear, and his sense of humor as keen as when the autocrat was young.

Miss Mabel E. Cahill, a young Irish girl, who has been in this country only two years, is the champion lady tennis player of America. Our English sisters are even more devoted to the game than we are, and the English lady champion is Miss Charlotte Dod, a young girl of seventeen. The next best two lady players are Mrs. Hillyard, whose husband was one of Lord Hawke's cricket team when it visited America last year, and Miss Bertha Steedman.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote a letter to a London boys' club, in which she said: "I used to say to my own two boys: 'You are like a block of marble which is to be made into a statue. You yourselves are the sculptors. It depends upon you whether you chisel it into a figure which is beautiful and noble or one that is distorted and base. Every ungenerous act, every hurtful word, every unmanly thought is a false stroke of the chisel and mars the statue.'"

Mr. Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, possesses what is probably the most remarkable Bible in the world. It comprises forty-two folio volumes, and is illustrated by plates on biblical subjects. He has copies of all the Madonnas of every age and every school of art, and in the collection are included mezzotints, full-line engravings, original drawings and unique prints. He has one original drawing of Raphael's, and several of Albert Durer's. The collection is a history of Scriptural art.

Notwithstanding the German Emperor's well known fondness for fine clothes, the statement that his wardrobe contains a thousand various and separate costumes seems almost incredible. His collection, however, embraces all the different court, military, civilian and sporting suits which the Kaiser is required to wear on all sorts of occasions, and includes his *incognito* clothes and Freemason's regalia. They are, moreover, all in duplicate, to guard against accident or emergency. It is said that the Emperor has at some time worn every existing court costume except that of the French.

A dear little boy of Guben, a town in Germany, is to have for a godfather no less distinguished a man than Prince Bismarck himself. The boy's father is a poor blacksmith. But, one day, as Bismarck's carriage was passing the shop, an accident happened to the horse's shoe, and this humble blacksmith had an opportunity to be of service to the great statesman. Soon after, the blacksmith wrote to Prince Bismarck and humbly requested that the prince should act as godfather to his baby-boy. Bismarck accepted, and some day the boy will rejoice greatly that he had so illustrious a sponsor.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Weimar, who have been recently celebrating their golden wedding, are an exception to the ordinary run of royal pairs, for not a breath of scandal has sullied their names during their long married life. The grand duke is one of the most cultivated rulers of Europe. Although his beautiful little capital, Athens-on-the-Ilm, cannot to-day boast of a Goethe, a Schiller, a Herder, or a Wieland, as it did during the reign of his grandfather, Carl Augustus, he has managed to keep up the splendid traditions of his house. The grand duke was fourteen years old when Goethe died and was a great pet of the author of Faust.

Prince Dubrosoff, whose death in Perm has been recently announced, was one of the most eccentric of the czar's subjects. His love of practical jokes resulted in his being banished to Siberia. Just before his arrest he invited a number of friends of both sexes to dinner, and laughed merrily at the praise given a large meat pie, the *piece de resistance* of the banquet. "As the dish pleases you so well, children," he replied to his guests, "I must tell you that my favorite dog Hardi and a few young rats furnished the meat for the pie." At his command a servant then entered the room, bearing in his arms a golden plate holding the skins of the various animals. Without further ceremony he then bade his guests adieu, and started on his way to Siberia.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, who is one of the candidates for the laureateship left vacant by the death of Tennyson, resembles some of the preceding laureates, particularly Wordsworth and Tennyson himself, in feats of pedestrianism. He likes to take long walks, though he is probably not fond of forty-mile tramps, such as Wordsworth used to take with his sister. Mr. Swinburne is quite unlike Tennyson in physical appearance. He is as insignificant as the late laureate was imposing, and is as thin as Wordsworth was. His hair is red and his whiskers are Parisian. He is said to have the lamented Hannibal Hamlin's antipathy to overcoats, and goes about without one in the teeth of the south-east winds he likes so well to describe in verse.

### A Lasting Link.

Customer—Will this ink fade?

Clerk—I think not, sir. It has been known to last for years.

Customer—Well, I want to be dead sure about it. I am going to write a poem for a magazine with it.

### The Main Object.

Stayatt Holmes—Was your expedition successful?

Arctic Explorer—Yes; we got back.

## A Convict's Confession

or

*The Sad and Harrowing Tale of How a Boy Acquired a Reputation for Saintliness*

BY MACK.

THIS is a man's exposure of wrongs suffered in his boyhood. I intend to set myself square before the world, even though I dispel the halo that has long hovered about me. If there is anything I hate it is a halo following a fellow around and preventing him from having any fun.

Who am I? Well, wherever the English language is spoken anecdotes about me are read and related. Reader, I am the good boy of the Sunday school book, also referred to in the religious papers and mentioned right along in the pulpits. At least, I was that boy once, but now I am a man grown. You might suppose that there have been several boys and that others have succeeded me. Not so. I was the first and only one, and the Sunday school literature still speaks of me as though I were still a boy. You will naturally, therefore, be surprised to hear that all these anecdotes are of me, and occurred several years ago. I cannot die with that halo hanging about me, so will proceed to pull it off. But I must be brief, as I am writing this in the Central Prison and the kindness of the turnkey must not be abused. Not that I care a rap of him, only so far as he has favors to grant.

To begin, you have heard about the boy who, when he was given a peach, did not eat it, although it was a beauty and peaches were extremely scarce, but went and gave it to a poor, sick, crippled boy, and made his hard life a happier one. True enough, I did it. But I want to tell you how it came about. When the peach was given me none of the other boys were around anywhere to see me eat it, and to eat it without other fellows standing around with their mouths watering would be no fun at all. I couldn't wait for some of the boys to turn up, so the cripple entered my head. He used to sit in a rocking-chair beside an open window. Down I ran as hard as my legs would carry me. Yes, there he sat, and the minute he saw me he commenced calling me names and making the most exasperating faces at me—that was the kind of a cripple he was. I pulled myself up on the window sill and threatened to climb in and punch his head, and he said if I came within reach he would eat me. Then I pulled out that peach, crossed my legs and proceeded to torture him by gloating over it before I ate it. I rubbed it, smelled it and said "Yum-yum," opened my mouth and pretended to take a great bite but postponed the pleasure for another second. Then it occurred to me to hold it out towards the cripple so he would try and grab it, and he did try half a dozen times. Then he pretended to close his eyes so that he could make a sudden clutch when I would be off my guard, but I was as foxy as he. Oh, didn't he want that peach, I was holding it towards him, asking him to small it, when all at once his mother stood behind me outside. She asked me if I was giving Charles a peach, and said it was so good of me and handed it over before I could do anything. She was the crossest woman in the village and if she had known I was teasing Charles she would have half killed me. What could I do when that cripple sat there calmly eating my peach and gloating at me! Charley's mother told him to thank me and he did, adding that I was always very kind to him! He made an awful ugly face and I could have scratched his eyes out. Just then my mother came along and Charley's mother told her what a kind and thoughtful son she had, and as the peach was eaten I had to just boil inwardly and let things go. If I had raised a row a good switching would have been my portion. It soon got into the Sunday school papers and it is there yet. But this is the truth of the matter and you don't know how that cripple roasted me. Once after it came out in the *Northern Messenger* we were down at Charley's house for supper, and that spiteful cripple read it out loud to me and I had to sit there with my hands folded and be good.

I used to throw boards into the mill race the saw-mill man hated me. One day a kind lady gave me three beautiful apples and I thought I could work my passage into the miller's favor by giving him one. The saws were buzzing and tearing through hemlock logs when I went in, so when I held up my apples to the miller and asked him to take one, he did not hear me, and took all three. If I had yelled my head off he couldn't have heard me, so I had to stand there and see that great hog of a man eat my treasures. As he wiped his beard with the back of his hand after eating the last one, he motioned for me to skip out and not hang around there. This sort of thing converts a boy into a small demon.

To prove that I am really the good boy of Sunday school literature, let me ask you a question. Did you ever notice that no good boy ever had a father? He is always the son of a poor widow. The stories all being about me explains that circumstance and relieves fathers of an implied reproach. Those who reject me and refuse to believe that I am who I claim to be must regard fathers as hindrances to juvenile goodness.

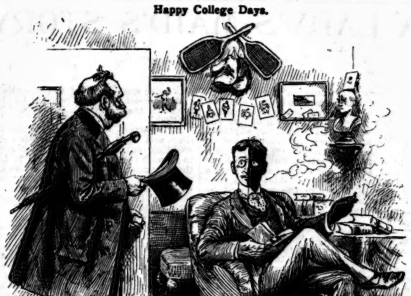
As I said, the turnkey is kind to me, and the other day he gave me some religious papers, among them a *Canada Presbyterian* containing another chapter of my life, headed, "What a boy can do." I had hoped to die without having that thrust upon my attention again. It related how the only son of a poor widow—this establishes my identity again, for my mother was the only poor widow I ever knew who didn't have seven or eight children—used to work helping his mother. He got a job cleaning the church at seventy-five cents a week, bringing home the postmaster's cow at twenty-five cents a week, buying and selling chickens on speculation on which he cleared thirteen dollars, while a neighbor's woodpile was always open to him when he was not busy at other things, and he cut wood at fifty cents a cord. I plead guilty to having done those things, but it was the most terrible year of my life. My mother got me the job of cleaning the church and of fetching that cow and of sawing that wood, and as for chickens—I knew no more about the value of chickens than of the value of diamonds. My mother would send me to buy a couple of chickens from a farmer, then she would pluck them and send me around peddling to the minister's and the doctor's and other high-feeding people, and they would pay a good price, seeing it was I. That's where the profit came from—a sly bit of masked begging. I was switched and licked and tongue-thrashed awfully that year to make me do what I did. And then my mother would praise me to the minister, and the minister would praise me to my mother, making sure that I was somewhere around with my ears open.

People used to give me coppers when they came to our house, that is, they would ask for my little iron bank and put coppers in there and expect me to feel tickled. My mother taught me to get the bank and play with it when anybody called, and they would nearly always drop in a copper, and mother would tell me to put that box away and not bring it out when people were around or she would burn it. Then she would ask me how I'd like that, as though it made any difference to me, and she would tell the visitor that children were a terrible charge and had to be so watched or they became forward, and she couldn't bear forward children. Of course the visitor couldn't either, but was sure I was a manly little fellow and not forward but quite the contrary. Mother would reply that she hoped so and that she did her poor best, but it was hard for a lone woman to train a boy. When I was seven years of age I gave thirty-six cents to spread the gospel among the Hindoos, and the pastor mentioned my noble act in his sermon as one worthy the imitation of old and young. It also got into the *Northern Messenger*, but I did not deserve all the praise, for I cried terribly when mother took the money out of my bank, but she boxed my ears and threatened to lock me in the dark cellar, so I subsided. I had never heard of the Hindoos before, but mother said they lived away off and I remember climbing a hill about two miles out of town, expecting to see millions of Hindoos lying on the ground and crying to me for help—men dressed like the people in Pilgrim's Progress with a lot of sins rolled up in quilts and strapped across their backs. I thought the way to cure them was pretty expensive at thirty-six cents, which I had been gathering for nearly a year. A Bible with real nice pictures in it was what they wanted, and we had one, but no, it wouldn't do, my bank had to be emptied. I was a rebellious boy in those days, who didn't understand things.

I read last summer that the boys at Mimico Industrial School sent in their savings so that their unfortunate little friends in the city could go on a fresh air excursion. That plausible hypocrisy touched me away down deep, and if I had possessed the means I would have rescued to them the money wheedled from them and would have managed somehow to get a confectioner's wagon within business distance of those alleged juvenile philanthropists. With my memory telling me how I aided in evangelizing the Hindoos; how I bought myself something useful, like a cap, instead of wasting my money on tops and balls; how I purchased my mother a new print dress and a pair of prunella shoes; how I put coppers in the collection plate when the very day before the woman in the candy store had got in a new kind of chewing gum with a prize going with every cent's worth—with these things in mind I sympathize with my philanthropic partners in the Industrial School.

Time is up, according to the turnkey, so you must farewell to the good boy of the Sunday school papers. Perhaps you are interested in the after life of a boy so unearthly good as I used to be. I do not know how my case will end. My lawyer has hopes. He thinks he can work the jury and get me off with life imprisonment. Need I say more?

### Happy College Days.




Student (to Parental Visitor)—Don't be frightened, Governor—I was initiated into our college secret society last night—they dyed one half of me blue; it'll all wear off in a couple of months!—*Puck.*

### A Case of Mistaken Identity.

The Indian dogs are a great nuisance to the surveyors in the North-West. The Indians never work them in the summer, and consequently consider it superfluous to feed them. The dogs are, of course, always in a ravenous state. They have been known to carry off tin pails from the campers for the sake of the grease that may have collected on the sides. Packing straps they regard as a delicacy, and boots! happy the dog that secures a surveyor's boot!

It will be understood, then, that great care had to be taken of our provisions, and that a warm reception was given the midnight visitor that came in the form of an Indian canine.

I was assistant to Dr. Smyth of the geological survey, and we had been in the field for over four months. Our hair and beards had grown long and shaggy and we presented an appearance altogether different from anything seen in civilization. On this particular occasion we had been troubled more than usual by the dogs, and the doctor had given me instructions to sleep with one eye open and kill the first dog that entered our canvas.

About midnight I woke with a deep-noted conviction that a dog was in the tent. I sat up quietly and felt about in the dark, and sure enough, my hand came in contact with a mass of coarse shaggy hair. "Get out, you brute," I cried, as I heaped upon it blow after blow. Suddenly the "brute" screamed out an oath and sprang at me, and every muscle in my body relaxed, and I fell back aghast as I recognized the fact that I had been pounding the doctor's head. What happened then is a secret. QUILL PENNE.

### A Mistake.

The young man walked into the store somewhat flippantly. He fully understood that the proprietor was inside. The truth is, the gentleman whom the young man was so deeply troubled about was his prospective father-in-law, and as yet in a very mild state of prospectiveness. That's what bothered Cholly. The stocks he held at present were tranquil, but in a few moments they might fall. If they fell he was sure to rise—wingless, 'tis true, yet propelled by a mighty force—the old man's right boot. However, as I began, he entered flippantly the bookstore of his beloved's father and somewhat confidently walked up to the old man, saying:

"I see you have the blues."

Now, the old gentleman had no deep affection for his interviewer. He was rather indifferent in feeling toward him. It took an occasion like this to bring out his feeling. He truly did not feel very well. In fact, he hadn't arrived home last night when Cholly had long since clasped the maiden to his breast in the moonlight by the gate. But that anyone should mention the circumstance, even covertly, was too, too much. He was speechless from the thought of Cholly's audacity. Thinking the old gentleman abstracted, our hero repeated, "You have the blues, I see," and proceeded with his most kindly smile to carelessly look through a paper-covered volume lying near, adding, just to keep up the conversation, "Are they any better this month?"

It was not patience which kept Col. Benjamin Hawkins quiet to this point. It was, as I have said, astonishment. He was positively sure that his ears did not deceive him. His face swelled with passion, it got redder and redder and he fairly shook. Innocently thinking that the colonel was on his dignity, Cholly continued, slowly raising his eyes, "Give me a——" But he never finished, he simply saw an irate man before him when the cyclone came upon him, and after several hurried excursions round the store of learning he sailed gracefully (?) through space and the front door, descending in the street as he gasped, "a copy."

It is needless to pursue his course farther, but this warning he gives to his friends: Never ask your prospective or retrospective father-in-law for anything flippantly. When you want to please him by purchasing a copy of the *True Blues Monthly*, don't make any inexplicit remarks about his having them.

G. LAFAYETTE CRAM

### In a Bad Way.

"Are things as bad on that railway as they are said to be?"

"Worse. Why, even the dead heads have gone over to the other line."

### The Rule's Exception.

"Is glass a non-conductor of electricity?"

"Certainly."

"Then how about Jersey lightning?"

# A LADY'S-MAID'S STORY.

*By Mrs. J. McGrath, in Tit Bits.*

My lady was a fine beauty; a great belle, indeed. She received many offers; but she had no thought of marriage till Lord Strange asked her. I didn't believe she'd take him, but she did, though it couldn't have been for anything but his title and money, for though not so much older than she, he was very ill-favored, his face all scarred up with a burn he had got when a child, and he had as cross and jealous a temper as ever I saw. Besides that, one shoulder was higher than the other, and he had a withered limb which made him drag one foot when he walked, so he wasn't graceful, let alone being handsome.

He was desperately fond of my lady. He was that jealous of her he could not bear her to look at another man; and to do her justice, she humored him wonderfully in this respect. I don't believe any lady could have been more careful than she was in not doing anything to vex him.

One day, when my lord called at the house to see my mistress about some old family jewels he was having re-set for her, there was a stranger with him, a dark, handsome, foreign-looking gentleman, who looked at my mistress a great deal, and could not conceal how much he was struck with her beauty.

I wondered at so jealous a man as Lord Strange bringing this handsome gentleman to see his promised wife, but I wondered still more at the way he looked at those two, and then he kept asking questions and looking at my mistress as she answered them, for all the world as if he were trying to catch her in a trap. But that night my mistress told me the handsome stranger was only a new secretary my lord had got, and I concluded I had been fanciful in my imaginings.

But the next day Lord Strange came again and brought the handsome secretary with him, this time into my mistress's own boudoir. She must have been surprised, but she never showed it. She had learned already that my lord liked her to take everything he did as a matter of course.

The secretary's name was Vassilis, I found, and I took the opportunity to be in the next room, the door of which opened from the boudoir, and I kept it ajar enough to watch what went on. I wanted to satisfy myself, you see, about that secretary. He stared at my mistress worse than the day before, and my lord watched him and her in the same queer way. Lord Strange was not at all like himself—one minute too gay for him, the next gloomy and scowling. He couldn't sit still even, but must go limping about the room and gnawing his finger nails as he watched my mistress sideways.

"There is mischief brewing somehow," I said to myself.

You see, my mistress seemed so perfectly unconscious, either of my lord's strange manner, or Mr. Vassilis' absurd behavior. But he wasn't to blame. My mistress was so handsome it was no wonder he stared—and he a Frenchman, too. I don't suppose he ever saw so beautiful a creature in his life before as my mistress was. She was so used to being stared at, I don't suppose she knew anything about it half the time.

I had been with my mistress a long while, and she knew I was devoted to her. Sometimes she would talk quite cosy-like with me. Well, that night, when I was dressing her hair, she asked me if I ever noticed anything strange about my lord; and I said "Yes, I have noticed it." She turned right round and looked at me. "What have you seen, Annette?" said she.

"I think he's crazy with jealousy," said I, "and that's what is the matter with him."

My mistress turned white as a sheet.

"Oh!" said she, "I never thought of that. I believe you are right, Annette. He does act like a person not in his right mind."

"Oh, I don't think that exactly," said I, "I know what you mean, 'my mistress said; but I don't think she did.

The next morning, as she stood at her dressing-room window, she called to me, in impatience and dismay:

"Annette, here is Lord Strange and that Mr. Vassilis again. I suppose we are to have the same thing over again as yesterday. I want you to go down to the conservatory, and stay there near the drawing-room door all the time. Watch Lord Strange particularly, and tell me just how he looks and acts."

"I will," I said; and I went down to the conservatory at once and hid behind some of the big plants, and my mistress came and looked at me and nodded and smiled; but I noticed she was very pale.

She scarcely looked at my lord and Mr. Vassilis when they came in, though she greeted both courteously enough in words. My lord sat down a moment and then muttered something, got up and went out of the room abruptly.

My mistress looked after him with anxious eyes.

"He's going somewhere to watch those two," I thought, and sure enough, in a minute I heard his dragging steps coming behind me, and dodged back just in time, though I don't think he would have known I was there if he had seen me, he was looking so intently into the drawing room.

I looked too, and I saw my mistress, who had scarcely noticed the secretary before, leave her chair now and go near to him, speaking earnestly; and the French fellow must needs lay his hand on his heart as he answers her, and look as excited as if it was something of importance.

I thought for a moment my lord would leap in at them and tear the man in pieces. His eyes glared like a wild beast's, and I could hear his teeth grind upon each other.

"It is true, then," he muttered savagely; "she does love that handsome scoundrel. Oh! but it shall cost him dear."

He stood there some moments longer. But my mistress had gone back to her chair, and presently my lord retraced his steps, and I saw him after a little enter the drawing room by the same door he had gone out at. He was smiling in such a dreadful kind of way that it scared me even at that distance to see. I wondered how my mistress could meet it calmly.

The two gentlemen went away, and my mistress called me to come to her. I took one step, caught my foot somehow, I don't know on what to this day, and fell sprawling. That was the last I knew for weeks. I struck my head on a flower-pot as I fell. You can see the scar yet. I came near dying, they said.

Well, almost the first thing I heard when I got to know anything again, was that Lord Strange had been robbed of twenty thousand pounds' worth of family jewels, and that he had accused Mr. Vassilis, his secretary, of taking them. Mr. Vassilis was in prison, and was to be tried at the next assizes, which were almost at hand.

It was my mistress who told me this, and she looked troubled and anxious. She was to be married in a few weeks, and the preparations for the wedding were going on as briskly as possible; but she seemed worried and out of spirits for one so soon to be a bride.

"Did you watch Lord Strange that day, as I told you, Annette?" she asked me, "or have you forgotten all about it?"

No, I had not forgotten. Everything came back to me as she spoke. I told her all about my lord coming into the conservatory, and what he muttered to himself as he stood there.

My mistress looked startled, but she could not understand it more than I; nor so much, for I did have my suspicions even then, though I did not dare tell them.

"It is impossible that he could have been really jealous of Mr. Vassilis," she said, "his own secretary. Why, I never saw the man in my life till Lord Strange brought him here, and I never spoke a word to him that Lord Strange did not hear till that day, and then I only asked him if he thought Lord Strange was quite well. I began to think the man was crazy himself when he put his hand upon his heart in that absurd manner, and looked so excited."

My mistress was married at the appointed time, and Lord Strange took her away on the wedding tour. I was not sufficiently recovered to go with them, but I met them in London on their return, and went down to Castle Strange with them. Mr. Vassilis had been tried meanwhile, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation. He hung himself in his cell the day after sentence was passed—made a rope out of the sheets of his bed to do it with.

I heard all the castle house particulars of the robbery. The jewels which were missing had been in town for some time to be re-set for my mistress. The day they were stolen Lord Strange had gone to the jeweler who had them, and after examining the work so far as it was completed, had found all manner of fault with it, and ended by ordering every one to be immediately packed again in the box he had brought the jewels there in, and taken out to his carriage. He left the establishment in one of his well known tempers. His secretary was with him. They entered his lordship's carriage, and put the box of jewels on the seat between them.

Lord Strange's own coachman was on the box. They rode ten miles out to his lordship's suburban villa. From the park gates to the house it was about thirty minutes' drive by a winding road. When the carriage reached the house there was no driver on the box, though there had been at the gates. Both Lord Strange and his secretary were inside, in a deep, drugged sleep. The box of jewels was gone.

They found the driver in an insensible condition back almost to the gates. He had not been drugged. He had been knocked off his box by a heavy blow from behind, a blow with a club, which had only missed killing him.

Lord Strange was the first to come to himself after some hours. The last thing he remembered was drinking with Mr. Vassilis some wine, which must have been drugged. But by whom? Who besides themselves and the jeweler could have known they had the jewels with them? An accident, as it seemed at the time, revealed the fact that Mr. Vassilis had a bottle of morphine in his pocket.

The secretary was still sleeping. Either he had taken more than Lord Strange of the drugged wine, or had taken it later. Lord Strange at once boldly accused the unconscious secretary of having first drugged him, probably before they entered the gates, then climbed out and knocked the driver senseless on the way to the house, afterwards concealing the jewels or passing them to a confederate, and finally drugging himself to divert suspicion. The finding of the bottle of morphine on Vassilis was what condemned him. The unfortunate man had denied having ever seen it before the moment it was shown to him, and when told what he was accused of, between horror and weakness fainted, and lay unconscious for hours, in spite of every effort of the physicians in attendance to restore him.

All this time Lord Strange limped back and forth, not far away, his ugly face distorted with rage and threatening, a frightful face to see.

The footman whose place it was to be in attendance on my lord that day, but who had been left in London on what he himself considered a pretense, told me that he heard my lord mutter more than once in the days that followed, with the secretary raving in delirium:

"I don't want him to die, curse him! I want him disgraced, turned black with infamy and sent to rot in a felon's cell."

I said I had had my suspicions. Now, when I heard all these things, they were stronger than ever. But I never dared utter them. I believed that, whoever else had got the jewels, poor young Vassilis did not take them. But I did not dare say so. I used to wonder sometimes if Lord Strange, or my mistress, ever thought of him. They were neither of them happy—though my lord had got what he loved, and my mistress had got the titles and riches she coveted.

The two never quarreled. Bad-tempered as he was, my lord never showed his temper to my mistress. But everyone could see that they were neither of them happy. One day, when we had been at Castle Strange some weeks, feasting and making pretense of being merry, the house full of company, my mistress asked her husband to show her the muniment room. This was the strong room of the castle.

When my lord consented, instead of taking any of her guests with her, she called me to attend her. She would never be alone with her husband if she could help it.

My mistress examined all the curious treasures of the muniment room eagerly, and my lord, pleased at her interest, showed her how to open the most secret repositories there, and displayed their costly contents. I don't know how it could have happened; my lord must have made the blunder himself, and opened a door he never would have had my mistress see but once, in his deliberate senses.

I heard a sort of scream from my mistress suddenly. She was bending over a long ebony box, which was open, and Lord Strange stood by, with such a face as I hope never to see again. Livid with despair and horror, distorted with a rage more evil than I thought would have believed possible to a human countenance, he stood watching his wife. My mistress raised her head and looked at him. The truth had come to her at last.

"These are the jewels you accused that man Vassilis of stealing!" she said, in a voice so changed I should never have known it as her own.

"Yes," my lord answered, an awful blaze in his eyes, "they are. The only crime that poor wretch ever was guilty of was being loved by you."

"Liar!" was all she said.

Lord Strange took a letter out of the box and gave it to her in silence.

I knew afterwards what it contained. It was an anonymous letter accusing my mistress of having known and loved Vassilis abroad. It must have been written in the merest malice by so keene who envied Lord Strange for having won her, and who knowing how jealous he was, played upon that weakness.

My mistress read the letter through to the end before she looked up. Then she said, in the same terrible, changed voice:

"My lord, I never saw Mr. Vassilis but three times in my life, and then you were with him. I never spoke to Mr. Vassilis in my life till you brought him yourself into my presence."

My lord was a pitiable sight. He seemed to shrink and shrivel up under her looks and words, as though actual flames had touched him. Suddenly he fell upon his knees, and crawled in the dirt at her feet.

"Oh! forgive me, he moaned. "It was my mad love for you made me do it."

My mistress looked down at him with a sort of shudder, as if he had been some poisonous and loathsome reptile.

"I will never forgive you," she said slowly. "I will never speak to you again if I can help it."

She took my arm and went away and left him. As we passed out of the door I looked back.

"Oh! my lady," I said, "there is blood. He is dead, I am sure." Even then she would not go back to him. But she let me go. He was dead. He had burst a blood-vessel in his agony of remorse, shame and despair.

My mistress has never married again. Why should she? She has enough. Lord Strange settled a fortune on her when they were married, and she has her title. She is Lady Strange. Besides, she detests the very name of love or marriage.

---

Rosalie—Didn't you find it very cold in the mountains? Grace—Sometimes; but I often went driving with Fred.

### A Story Without a Moral.

The cards were out for the wedding. The trousseau was complete. The best man had the ring. The company had assembled, and the final touches were being put to the bride's veil.

The maid of honor and the four bridesmaids were superintending this ceremony. All these girls had graduated together two years before, and had agreed then to fill these relative positions at the first wedding among them.

"There!" said Nettie Valentine, one of the pink maids; "I think that is quite perfect, don't you, girls?"

"Yes, lovely," murmured Theresa Evans, one of the blues. "You must go down now, of course," as an impatient knock came at the door. "Let us say good-bye to Pauline—Pauline Desmond for the last time."

"I do wish, dear," said Fannie Graham, the maid of honor, "that you could have made up your mind to insist that he should take your name instead of you his. But you will write it with a hyphen, won't you?"

"Of course, girls; we all promise, and I certainly will."

"And you won't forget what else you promised?" said several voices.

"No, girls. You may depend upon me. Yes, mamma, I am ready now."

Five minutes later the bride and groom stood at the head of the long parlor, in front of the bower under where the clergyman had been awaiting them.

Frank Lacy was a fine young fellow, and they made a handsome couple. To be sure, one of the bridesmaids (the blue one, who had kept on her eye glasses) had her own opinion of Pauline, in that she had not preferred the Greek professor; but then really, you know, the professor was pretty old, and, as he never talked in society, it was not generally supposed that he understood English. Greek, of course.

Then there was Mr. Midas, thought one of the pink bridesmaids. Pauline was a simpleton there. But, after all, it was just as well, and at least she took notice again.

At this point the pink maid's wandering attention came back to the sentence the minister was just finishing.

"So long as you both shall live?"

It was the bride's turn to say, "I will," as the groom had just said it.

Pauline stood erect. She raised her dark eyes and fixed them upon the face of the questioner. She was pale, but it was with an earnest eagerness, not with nervousness.

"I will do all these things," she replied, "except that I will not obey him."

Everyone was taken by surprise, except the five girls who stood about the bride. There was a profound hush, while the clock on the mantel ticked ten times.

"Frank," she said, turning to her half-made husband, "you do not wish me to make this monstrous promise—to drag this relic of the Middle Ages—of the times when women were slaves and playthings of men—into our lives? You do not expect this of me, Frank!"

"(Because it he does," murmured the tall usher to the pink bridesmaid, "he is very sanguine, and he will apparently be disappointed, like England, you know.")

"In fact, you wish for, not a servant; is it not so, Frank?"

"Certainly, Pauline, you need not say it, but why couldn't you have arranged this quietly beforehand?"

"Because I wished to do it now. My friends," she said, turning to the assembled guests, "am I not right? It is for you, my sisters, I do it. As the recent writer has said, 'Would that some woman would have courage to make a scene, if necessary, on such an occasion!' It would be a glorious scene, if she possessed the courage and dignity to refuse for the sake of outraged womanhood to pronounce the mon strous promise. It would be woman's splendid declaration of independence. The brave bride would be the heroine of the hour. She would do more than a thousand sermons to wipe out the blot upon the nineteenth century."

("Quoted correctly," whispered the blue maid. "What a memory Pauline has!")

"And this brave bride, my friends. Now we will go on," she said, turning to the minister.

The service proceeded. The bride did not spoil her point by refusing to be given away. The vows were made (leaving out the obnoxious word). Then came the nervous moment while the best man fumbled for the ring. He had not lost it. He gave it to the man, who gave it to the woman, who gave it to the minister, who gave it to the bride, while the nineteenth century stood by and consented. The groom placed it upon the finger of the bride and hesitated over the words he was to say:

"With this ring I thee wed—"

"And with all my worldly goods I thee endow," prompted the minister.

"No," said Frank abruptly. "Not all of them."

The clock ticked again.

"My friends," said Frank, turning to the company, "my brothers. I call you to my support. Why should a man be expected century after century to make this monstrous promise? Why should we give all our property to our wives?

("It's not a bad plan, sometimes," said Uncle Canfield, of Canfield, Drew & Co., but nobody heard him.)

"Why should a self-respecting man be expected to bring home all his money, like a model little boy in a Sunday school, and then us throw off the yoke, and our wives will respect us the more. There are nine hundred and seventy-nine polygamists open to my choice, where there were formerly but six. They are able to get worldly goods for themselves. Pauline, I know it is I that you wish for, not my money.

("It is," murmured the blue maid, mechanically.)

("Mean old thing!" said the pink maid to the tall usher. "Mr. Midas wouldn't have done so.")

"You can go on now," said Frank to the minister.

"Wait. Perhaps you had better not go on," said the bride's mother nervously.

"I should think not," said Aunt Sophia severely, to the bride's sister. "You know I never approved of your forms, and you see what comes of them. They had better wait a year and then go to St. John some church where they don't have them.

"I wish they would," whispered one guest to her sister. "They'd have to give back the presents, and that pie-knife I gave would just do for Fannie Warner. Her wedding's tomorrow."

"And perhaps the caterer will take back the wedding cake," mused an impertinent youth, "and that will do for that same Fannie. But we'll have to have the salads. I'm awfully hungry."

"Fun, isn't it?" said the tall usher to the pink maid. "I don't enjoy weddings. But if they go on it would be a pity to waste the minister. Some of the rest of us might use him."

"Go on," said the groom impatiently.

"Go on," said the bride firmly.

"Go on," said Uncle Canfield from the back of the room.

"Oh, dear," said the other pink maid, looking for her handkerchief.

Though it be long in the telling how those behind cried forward and those before cried back, it was only fifty seconds by the clock. Then the reverend Mr. Blake cut the Gordian knot by saying hurriedly: "I pronounce you man and wife." Then he went back and finished the service in the usual fashion.—*M. Helen Fraser Lovell.*

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### Hopeless.

Judge—How did you form your opinion of this case?

Talesman—By reading the newspapers.

Judge—Do you believe all you read in the newspapers?

Talesman—Yes.

Judge—Stand down.

**SPOTLESS LINEN**

**A Clean Shirt!**

**A Clean Collar!**

**Clean Cuffs!**

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**The Political Situation in Shantytown.**

Shimnel—I dolt you, mine friendt, dot Mr. Harrison has got his eye on dot presidential chair.

Clancy—Thin, begorra, ef he keeps it there he'll hov Grovey Cleveland sittin' on his oye.

**At the Wedding.**

De Wilton—Why did the clergyman ask him if he would have her for better or worse?

Majilton—I guess it is because they haven't settled definitely whether they will live in New York or Brooklyn.

**An Afterthought.**

Committeeman—Old Hennessey is dead, and our club wishes to erect a shaft to his memory.

Dealer—Do you wish any inscription on it?

Committeeman—Simply "*Hic Jacet.*"

Dealer—Anything else?

Committeeman—Yes—or—yes—you might put the "hic" in parenthesis.

**During a Lively Debate.**

First Speaker—I think my opponent knows more about things that are not so than any man I ever heard.

Opponent—Well, I think the speaker knows less about things that are so than any man I ever saw.

**See Things.**

Rowne de Bout—Doesn't drinking affect your sight?

Old Hennessey—I should say so! I often see more in a minute than other men do in a lifetime.

**Cracks Easily.**

"His voice has unusually fine timbre."

"Yes—but it's so brittle!"

**A Case of Sham Pain.**

**The Best Advertisements.**

Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use of consumption and scrofulous diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

**No Trouble About That.**

Editor—Yes; I'd like to sell you my paper.

Stranger—I'd like to buy it, sir, but I don't know how to manage one.

Editor—That doesn't matter. Your subscribers will tell you all about that.

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Dr. W. C. Hanscome, Minneapolis, Minn., says: "I used it in a case of acute rheumatism, during convalescence the particular symptoms I wished to relieve were sleeplessness and nervousness, and the results were all I desired."

**An Egotist.**

"Quite an honor was paid me at the theatre last night."

"Were you called out between the acts?"

"No; but I sat in the second row, and just after the curtain went up on each act nudged a lot of people would shout, 'Down in front! down in front!' Of course I was there, but I didn't let on that I noticed that reception."

---

**The Best Families**

USE THE DELHI CANNING CO'S

**Canned Goods**

Which are Prepared Specially for the

BEST FAMILY TRADE

Epicure Corn, Sifted Select Peas, Fine French Beans and Epicure Catsup are Special Brands.

When purchasing, ask your grocer for those Brands. See that the Name and Maple Leaf is on every can and bottle, which are guaranteed.

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FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 30 YEARS IN USE.

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**LUMP SUGAR**

In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

**"CROWN" Granulated**

Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

**EXTRA GRANULATED**

Very Superior Quality.

**CREAM SUGARS**

Choice Grades.

**YELLOW SUGARS**

Of all Grades and Standards.

**SYRUPS**

Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

**SOLE MAKERS**

Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

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Rushville, Schuyler Co., U. S. A., Feb. 14, 1889. "It have been afflicted with dyspepsia over twelve years, and I know I have found nothing that has benefited me like Diamond Vera-Cura. The first few doses relieved me of fullness and soreness of the stomach and shortness of breath. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart, which it has relieved; and I feel better in every way since I commenced using Diamond Vera-Cura, and cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion." JOHN W. HAYES, Elder Union Baptist Church. At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25c. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

## A Narrow Escape.

There was a scuffle, angry words and oaths, the tramping of many feet over the sanded floor; the swinging doors flew open, and two men rushed out of a saloon. One was young and dissipated-looking; the other an athletic man of fifty or so, of somewhat rustic appearance.

"Hold up, Hanford! Don't do that! Keep cool! You cannot kill that man!" cried Ralph Leslie to the elder of the combatants.

"Let me alone! I don't see what you have to do with this—it's my affair!" was the angry response.

With much difficulty the plucky cowboy led his friend away.

"Come with me. I will tell you why. You are no match for that desperado. For your daughter's sake I am not going to see you shot down. You see I bear no malice, though you refused me her hand."

"They will say I am a coward."

"Better that than to furnish head lines for the evening papers."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know Tom Burke, the man you quarreled with?"

"Why not? He killed my brother."

"Oh, that is it! And you were anxious to give your brother a pleasant surprise! He is not expecting you so soon. Don't be a fool. That man is the worst villain in Texas. One move and you would have been dead as a steer in a Texas norther. Revenge is poor satisfaction. Don't try for it—blood won't bring your brother back to life; beside, you are green in the business, and don't know the value of the drop. What brought you here, anyhow?"

"I heard of the fortunes to be made in cattle."

Ralph Leslie laughed. Despite his rather rough appearance, he was a good-looking young fellow, and had evidently seen better days.

"It's the same old story—a fortune on paper. How much money have you!"

"Sixty thousand."

"That isn't much out here. It represents only one train load."

"Then I had better go home," said Mr. Hanford blankly.

"Yes, and invest in something not so risky."

"The natural increase is a fortune."

"The natural decrease is a misfortune. Some winters, when grass is poor, the losses from northers and prolonged sleety rains make hides enough to plaster a county. Go home—buy a chair made of longhorns, imagine yourself a cattle king, and smoke the pipe of peace."

Mr. Hanford looked perplexed.

"I feel that your advice is good," he said, "but my word is passed; I have made a deal."

"Whew! that's bad! With whom!"

"The man who killed Dan. You are surprised. I wanted to be brought in contact with him—it will be easier to find an opportunity for what I intend to do." Mr. Hanford's usually mild eyes looked fierce. "I have sworn to avenge Dan, and I will."

"How under the canopy do you expect to get the better of a villain like that? But I'll say no more—I see it's no use. Meanwhile, he knows you have money; I see now why he spared you. It is too late to interfere; my experience might have been worth something. Jay Gould would be a fool out here on a cattle trade. These Western men have brushed against the roughest side of human nature till their wits would bankrupt Wall street."

"He offered me a bunch dirt cheap."

"You have closed the bargain!"

"Not entirely."

"Let me see the figures."

Mr. Hanford handed a paper to Ralph; he perused it attentively.

"Well, Ralph, what do you think?" he anxiously asked.

"They are cheap; Burke must be hard up, or has a note due in some bank."

"Hist! here he comes. I will see you later."

The men who just before had struggled together in the saloon walked arm in arm into the director's room back of the bank, and conversed in low tones. "Three year olds, two year olds and yearlings," with fractionary parts of sentences, drifted to the doorway, where a crowd of cowboys watched the "deal" with more than usual interest, because it meant work for some of them. A lawyer joined the traders and wrote up the terms; five baskets of champagne sealed the bargain; but haste smouldered like a consuming fire in both hearts.

Mr. Hanford passed out at the rear entrance, where Ralph was waiting. They walked up the street and into the country.

"I suppose the bunch is yours?" Ralph presently asked.

"Yes. There is big money at present prices," replied Mr. Hanford.

"What were the terms?"

"Half cash, and my note for thirty days."

"With the privilege of renewal?"

"No—I never thought of that," said Mr. Hanford with a start.

"Where is the note payable?"

"In Kansas City."

"Anything else?"

"I gave a bond for sixty thousand to insure prompt delivery."

"The cattle to be delivered in Kansas City in a month?"

"Yes."

Ralph stopped short and looked commiseratingly at his friend.

"Mr. Hanford, you are a ruined man. Don't you see the trick? Your note will be cashed to meet a past due note of Burke's; you cannot meet it when due because you will have no beeves to sell, and consequently no money to pay on the paper. The brands are scattered over two hundred miles of country."

For a moment Hanford appeared stupefied.

"Ralph, I am a fool!" he at last said.

"You are not the only one. They all come out here to pick up such bargains, and generally get left. The deal saved your life, however.

"Can you not help me? Do something—this is terrible!" Mr. Hanford cried. He suddenly looked years older.

The cowboy was silent for ten minutes. He leaned against a tree and mechanically kicked the mud from his boots.

"It might be done—one chance in a hundred. Have you any money left?" he said at last.

"Three or four thousand only."

"That will be more than I need. We might round up at least enough cattle to take up the paper and save the endorsers."

"God bless you, Ralph! I did not expect this; I—I never understood you at home. You were wild, you know; I was afraid to trust my girl to you."

Mr. Hanford spoke deprecatingly; he found himself in a difficult position.

"That's all right, old man; I only got what I deserved. Let the past go."

"No, no, Ralph! If you get me out of this scrape, Rosa is yours—that is, if she is willing.

Ralph's eyes glowed with pleasure.

"I will do my best to earn such a sweet reward," he earnestly said, grasping Mr. Hanford's hand. "Your kindness won't be thrown away, sir."

"I'm sure of that," the other hastily responded. "But about this affair—how will you work it?"

Ralph's face lost its momentary softness as he briskly answered:

"Place a gang in each county, and all strike the trail at the same point. It will kill up broncoes."

"I will pay all the losses—anything to redeem myself."

"Very good. Curb your temper till you hear from me, good-naturedly pocket your chagrin and I will promise to double the investment."

"I leave everything to you."

"Good-bye, then—we have not a moment to lose."

Ralph thrust the list of brands into his shirt bosom and hurried to the bank, where the cowboys were awaiting his arrival. Hanford slowly retraced his steps. The absence of gibes from the men he met astonished him. It is true the story of the "deal" had leaked out, but it had a more serious significance than appeared on the surface. Little knots of cattlemen stood upon the corners. The paper threatened with protest was signed by names which were on a double score of obligations. The situation was complicated, and grave enough to cause this flutter of excitement. A dozen men offered to renew the note; not that they cared a copper for the stranger, but their own credit was in danger. One misfortune invites others; the entire row of bricks would be down, with no one to set them up. Everywhere Burke encountered dark looks; to save himself he had risked the fortunes of others; yet no one dared call the ruffian to account.

The hours seemed seconds to Hanford; only three days of grace; then came a telegram. The anxious man receipted in the messenger's book, tore open the envelope and read:

"Come at once—cattle all here."

When Hanford reached Kansas City the way was paved for a speedy settlement; the drive had been placed. Before three o'clock that afternoon the note and bond were in his coat pocket. His honey was saved.

"Ralph, how much shall I count out for the boys? he asked, after he had effusively thanked the young man. "Be liberal—they have seen hard service."

"Put up your pocket-book; they are paid already."

"How can that be?"

"A couple of hundred of outside stock drifted into the drove. Nobody wrong about that; there are tricks in all trades. I could not cut them out; it would have stampeded the whole outfit."

"But you must accept this, my boy; you have earned every cent of it."

Ralph took the paper offered for his acceptance with a quizzical look.

"What do you call it, anyway?" he asked.

"A certificate of deposit for twenty thousand dollars."

"No, no, Hanford! You have already given me the sweetest girl on earth."

"That's all very well. But you and Rosa can't live on love and air."

"We'll settle that later. Go home now. I will wind up your odds and ends in Texas, and be with you in two weeks."

Mr. Hanford's face grew dark.

"Ralph, I shall go with you."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I was never more so in my life."

"Then I have changed my mind; I accept the certificate," was the dry response.

"Because of my intention!"

"Yes; I see it all; you are still bent on revenge. In that case your money won't be long with you."

"I shall kill him, Ralph—I have sworn to do it!"

"And spend all you have to get clear. All right—I'm with you to the finish; but I think you're unwise all the same."

Ralph, seeing that nothing could move Mr. Hanford, performed his duty faithfully; for Rosa's sake he smoothed the wrinkled front of danger, but the inevitable was a power beyond his control. Burke, knowing himself threatened, feared his resolute foe; a hidden something, his awful earnestness of purpose, unnerved him. Hanford became the aggressor; Burke kept out of his way, and warily acted on the defensive. He knew that popular sympathy was with the older man.

There could be but one end to all this, and it came soon enough. One day Hanford puffed smoke into his enemy's face. Angry words followed, a blow, and two pistol shots sounded simultaneously. Burke died with his boots on, and the survivor was thrown into prison upon a charge of premeditated murder. He was condemned, but a month later his cell was empty. Disguised men overpowered the guards and released the prisoner. Suspicions were numerous, but proof was wanting. Everyone had hated Burke and was glad to have him out of the way. The fact that his executioner had escaped aroused little attention.

Ralph and Rosa are married and live happily on an Eastern farm. An old man with mild blue eyes and a timorous air is a member of their household. In the presence of strangers Rosa calls him Mr. Jones, but at other times she addresses him as "father."—*Waverley Magazine.*

### Oftener Than Posterity.

Mrs. Hardup (pausing in her writing)—What is the name for the people who come after us?

Mr. Hardup (without pausing in his reading)—Collectors.

### She Caught On.

He—Only out three hours, dearest, and just see the ducks I bagged!

Dearest (who is aware of some change of air in the room)—But why didn't you shoot fresh ones!

### The New Departure.

Her Father—I believe you wish to speak to me about marrying my daughter!

Her Adorer—Yes. What are your habits, sir? And I also wished to inquire concerning the amount of money you save each year, and to ask if you think you can make me happy.

### A Judge of Human Nature.

Mr. Ronald—I am sure that your niece, who makes her debut next week, must be a very lovely girl.

Mrs. Dowager—She certainly is; but, as you have never seen her, how can you to know it!

Mr. Ronald—I heard Miss Fading, who is in her fourth season, say that she was a perfect fright.

### Looking Forward.

Hobson—Why, what is the matter with you, Dobson? You look nearly frozen to death.

Dobson—I am ve-ry co-old. Haven't ch-ch-changed my s-s-summer underclothes yet.

Hobson—For gracious' sake, why not!

Dobson—Well, you s-s-see, if I change n-n-now, I am afraid I won't feel the good of it when the w-w-winter comes.

### The Mind-reader at Poker.

"I hear that Flammins won a big stake from you last night."

"Yes. He played me a mighty small trick."

"What was that!"

"He whistled God Save the Queen when he drew cards, and his hand was full of kings and aces."

"We doctors have the advantage of you clergymen; we practice while you only preach."

"Very true; we can only tell people to go to heaven, but you send them there."

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

WHISKERS.—You omitted to enclose a coupon. Your letter bears date June 2.

RASPBERRY, CHILI SAUCE, M. P. H AND PRESIDENT will kindly read the rules. One coupon does not entitle four people to graphological delineations.

THE SHADOW.—You are bright, nervy, constant, sharp in judgment and sometimes in temper, hopeful, somewhat confiding, lack self-control and experience, but have promise of good which time must develop.

RAINY-DAY.—This is rather a well balanced and reliable character, consistent in purpose, not anxious for change, somewhat fond of social intercourse, with good imagination, some originality and rather a careful and deliberate method.

IDA YOU TROTA.—You are neat, saving, economical, hopeful, independent, constant, and have a very level head. Capability of self-sacrifice, some vivacity and very good judgment are shown. A quaint suggestion of fun is visible in your line.

A CRANK.—You are romantic, truthful, frank and conceited, somewhat self-willed and at times careless of effect; good power of expression, some obstinacy, rather a lover of controversy, and a decidedly good estimate of self are shown. I cannot give you more space.

WILKINS MICAWBER.—You are bright and independent in thought, conscientious, but hasty in judgment, somewhat careless of detail, fond of social pleasure, with good consecutive thought and practical ideas; a little prejudiced, somewhat ambitious and very determined.

W. A. G.—1. I have the pleasure of knowing the lady whom you mention, and I can assure you she is worth' knowing. 2. You are true and honest, somewhat inclined to be romantic, a little bit eager for praise, but rather modest, but not indecorous; would be better if of more hopeful and buoyant thoughts.

FRANCIS.—I have just opened a letter addressed "Correspondent," on May 28, containing your Test Hope, society items for that date. In case you wondered why they did not appear, you will now understand the reason. All letters addressed to me, come to me, and are not given to the society columns, simply because they remain unopened.

MAZIE.—1. Your character is probably a rather ordinary one, but it possesses the graces of faith, hope and charity; you have some humor, decided honor, vivacious mind and good intelligence. I cannot find any high traits of excellence in the branches you mention, but your perseverance should make you a good performer if you have the requisite taste and opportunity.

FRANK.—Are you not some relative of Mauldoban? Your writing has many similar traits, with much greater self-will, a more wayward fancy in matters of affection and a much bigger opinion of yourself. This is somewhat justified by extreme originality; but yours is a very peculiar and erratic nature, difficult to control and apt to take its best friends by surprise.

ARTY PECK.—I am sorry you had such a bad pen, for a part of the faults in your writing are doubtless due to it. You are brave, honest and warm in feeling, fond of comfort, very truthful and candid but not confiding, strong-willed and persevering and rather impetuous. This is a trifling study, as the lines are much marred by the evident shifts between pen and scribe.

OLIANTHUS.—Ambition, hope and rather a witty turn are seen in your writing. You are constant, generous and persevering, a little disposed to extremes, and prone to twist take on the brink of a dilemma. Your character is made up of many traits, and not one of them is decidedly bad, while many are very good I think a little more snap would improve you. You are fond of beauty, very sympathetic, and will no doubt improve in course of time.

CHATRAUSHIAND—1. I think I have another correspondent of this name. This study is some original verses and is dated May 30. 2. The lines are rather eloquent, of good reading; sympathy, rough, but honest ambition, careless disregard of small matters, strong power of will, good power of love of social intercourse and proneness to loquacity (sometimes indiscreet), power and originality of thought, and ability to express it are shown, but it is rather an erratic study.

V. A. N.—Your writing shows faulty judgment, but very honorable and conscientious dealings. Your feelings are strong, you are also your will and conscience. You are slightly indiscreet in speech, but utterly lack malice and unchaitableness. Neither could you deceive with success, tact and intuitive perception small, love of art and beauty crude, but strong impulse and energy are shown. A character able to command the respect of friends and the sincere love of the few.

LYLL.—1. Is that your *nom de plume* of May 21? I can't quite decipher it. Hope you are back in the city and that you will see your delineation. 2 You are slightly romantic, impulsive, of great enterprise and imagination, fond of praise and deserving of it, wedded to your own opinions, which are generous and rather inclined to be tinged with partiality. 3. Yes, I will put lack deliberation down as a trifle careless, thereby not always doing yourself justice. However, you are to be relied upon in any emergency requiring strength and faithful service, for you won't fail a friend.

AUNT TEDDY.—Read Barrie's Window in Thrums and Little Minister, Edna Lyall's Knight Errant, Hardy's Tess, and Besant's The Ivory Gate. Any of Edna Lyall's and some of Augusta Evans, Olive Schreiner's, and don't forget Blackmore's Lorna Doone. These will keep you going for some time. 2. Your writing shows selfishness and a slight tendency to large self-esteem. You are hopeful and rather clever, probably averse to rules and regulations though fitted to them, of good discretion, good intuition, matter-of-fact thought, and some self-will, by no means a commonplace study, and shows careful and deliberate action.

DIMPLES.—1. I am sorry your pretty letter remained so long without an answer, but I was thousands of miles away when it arrived. I do not remember the remarks you refer to about Lloyd's singing. His voice was marvelously sweet and trained, but I think his *enthusiasts* was rather in his way. I noticed he was rather red and puffy for a lover awaiting his Maud at the pearly gate. 2. You are refined, imperative and very truthful, rather too confiding and somewhat biased in your opinions, of excellent conscientiousness, and though lacking in judgment never likely to make bad blunders; grace, independence and much perseverance are in your chiny chinaography.

BRUNETTE L.—1. I think such a girl as you describe is very often met. As the more absorbing affairs of life engross her, she will outgrow these moods and fancies. Time tries men's meet the case, though they may help to make her more amiable. Varying spirits are in the nature of some people, just as clouds and sunshine on an April day. They are nice at intervals, but one must long for settled weather. A grave, kitty and sensibling religion would allay you. 2 You are conversing, logical, fond of ease and comfort, rather difficult to please, a little obstinate, somewhat sympathetic, but not at all confiding; in fact, would be a leading trait. Some culture and decided ability are visible. You are a little slow of perception, however

PRAITIFUL.—I send you thanks for your kind acknowledgment of your correct delineation. It was not a difficult study, as, like yourself, it is so honest and frank that he who runs may read. As to a cure for selfishness, I can only suggest a deliberate study of yourself—half of the dog than bit you. When you are quite convinced with the effect of self indulgence or self-denial on your own nature, I have very confidence that your natural good sense and desire for higher things will lead you to deny yourself that your better traits may grow and strengthen. Remember the saying, "All sin is the offspring of selfishness," and the trail will take the proper value and meaning. The very charming study you enclose must wait its proper turn for delineation.

FRANK.—1. The tinted fancy paper, combined with your aff ciation of backhand writing, make your study very unsatisfactory. It is also rather shifty of you and somewhat impudent to tell me that you have a friend wanting to enjoy your circumlitions when your character study is made public. Tell your friend that the best difference in the graphologist's remarks. 2. You are self-conscious, rather clever, with some originality, great imagination and fancy, ideality, good temper, sense of humor, lack of perseverance, a very buoyant and hopeful temperament, not a rather ambitious aims, a strong love of self and caution in dealing with others. I don't think your grit and determination would stand much of a test, but on the whole, you are liable and will be esteemed perhaps beyond your deserts. You are reasonably careful and apt to succeed.

## What Florence Nightingale Did.

We have just read a most interesting account of an incident in Florence Nightingale's girlhood.

Some boys had thrown stones at a valuable shepherd dog belonging to an old Scotch shepherd and broken its leg, and it was decided that it would be a mercy to kill the poor animal, when Florence Nightingale came upon the scene, and here we begin the story:

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay, saying in a soft, caressing tone:

"Poor Cap! poor Cap!"

It was enough; he looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now bloodshot and full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked with her little ungloved hand, the large, intelligent head.

To the vicar he was rather less amenable, but by dint of coaxing at last allowed him to touch and examine the wounded leg, Florence persuasively telling him it was "all right." Indeed, she was on the floor beside him, with his head on her lap, keeping up a continuous murmur, much as a mother does over a sick child.

"Well," said the vicar, rising from his examination, "as far as I can tell there are no broken bones. The leg is badly bruised. It ought to be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down."

"How do you foment!" asked Florence.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," replied the vicar.

"Then that's quite easy. I'll stay here and do it. Now, Jimmy, get sticks and make the kettle boil."

There was no hesitation in the child's manner; she was told what ought to be done, and her set about doing it as a simple matter of course.

"But they will be expecting you at home," said the vicar.

"Not if you tell them I'm here," answered Florence; "and my sister and one of the maids can come and fetch me home in time for tea, and—" she hesitated—"that had better bring some old flannel and cloths; there does not seem to be much here, but you will wait and show me how to foment, won't you?"

"Well, yes," said the vicar, carried away by the energy of the little girl.

Soon the fire was lit and the water boiling. An old smock frock of the shepherd's had been discovered in a corner, which Florence deliberately tore in pieces, and the vicar said:

"What will Roger say?"

"We'll give him another," she replied.

And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress, and spent the whole of that bright spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd's dog.

In the evening, when Roger came, not expecting to find visitors in the humble cottage, and dangling a bit of cord in his hand, Florence went up to him.

"You can throw that away, Roger," she said. "Your dog won't die; look at him!"

Cap rose and crawled toward his master, whining with pleasure.

"Deary me! deary me! What have you done with him? He could not move this morning when I left him."

The vicar told Roger and explained the mode of treatment.

"You have only to go on to-night, and tomorrow he will be almost well, the vicar says." Smiling the while, he continued, "Mrs. Morton has promised to see to Cap to-morrow when you are out, so now you need not kill him; he will be able to do his work again."

"I thank you kindly, missy, I do, indeed," said the old man, huskily. "It went hard with me to do away with him, but what can a poor man do?" and putting out his hand he stroked the dog. "I'll see to him, missy, now as I know what's to be done," and he stood his hook in the corner and hung his cap on the peg.

Then Florence took her leave, stroking and patting the dog the while, and those who, standing in the cottage door, watched her disappear, little thought they were gazing upon one whose mission would be to tend the sick and wounded on many a battlefield, and how, in years to come, men dying far away from home would raise themselves upon their pillows to "kiss her shadow as it passed them."


### Another Advertisement.

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## Music.

A VERY comfortable audience attended the recital given last Thursday evening at Association Hall by Miss Laura McGillivray and Miss Minnie Gaylord. These young ladies have formed an alliance, so to speak, for the purpose of giving joint entertainments and should have very bright prospects of success, if their performance on this occasion is to be a criterion. The platform was very tastefully decorated, and the young ladies looked even better than their surroundings. Miss McGillivray gave a sufficiently varied selection to show her versatility. She has a personal charm of manner and appearance which goes far to place her on an agreeable footing with her audience at first sight, and she is clever enough to use this advantage in the different selections she gives. She gave some excellent character renditions and essayed a rather heavy selection in the curse scene from Leah the Forsaken. This she gave with dignity and emphasis, though her voice is hardly heavy enough nor is her face severe enough for such a tragic selection. In the lighter vein she was very happy, tender, pathetic bits and rays of humor being portrayed with equal facility and fidelity. She gave a clever reading of Both Sides of the Story, and her rendition of The Closed Door was a perfect gem of light comedy and should of itself make her popular wherever she goes.

Miss Gaylord was suffering from the effects of a cold and of a busy week, and did not sing at her best. Her first selection, I Seek For Thee in Every Flower, showed this, as her voice did not appear to answer her demands upon it. On her second appearance she was more fortunate and gave a very effective rendition of two pretty songs of Ethelbert Nevin, Deep in a Rose's Glowing Heart, and One Spring Morning. Her singing of the pretty Ave Maria, arranged on the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, was a very pleasing effort, her voice coming clear and flexible, while the Convien Partir, from The Daughter of the Regiment, was brilliantly rendered for so young a singer. A word of praise is due to her very sweet singing of Robin Adair as an encore. The accompaniments were excellently played by Miss Henrietta Shipe. I must not forget to give credit to Miss McGillivray for the beautiful plastic poses with which she closed the programme.

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Did you go to Ye Olde Englishe Fayre? And if so, did you notice how much the dancing of the little flowers and elves was enhanced by the really excellent little orchestra governed by Mrs. Irving Cameron and led by Miss Lina Adamson? They played the dance music with all the dash and spirit of seasoned professionals. There was plenty of music on the opening night, so much of it that I am afraid the booths suffered considerably in their trade. The band of the Royal Grenadiers discoursed fine music during the intervals and Mr. Schuch's band of Strolling Singers sang some appropriate part-songs, while the Cave of Harmony resounded with sweet songs under the direction of Mr. E. W. Phillips. This evening the Strolling Singers will give a concert, assisted by Miss Laura McGillivray.

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On November 23 the great New York orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House will give a concert at the Pavilion under the direction of Mr. Anton Seidl. This is the first time that this splendid organization visits Toronto, and our music-lovers will be under great obligations to Messrs. Suckling & Sons for securing them this great treat. The orchestra is one of the great ones of America and its admirers claim for it that there are few in the world that can equal it.

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Mr. A. S. Vogt's performance of Gaul's Holy City, with a chorus of seventy voices, orchestra of thirty-five instruments, and efficient soloists, will take place on Thursday, December 8. This is a beautiful work and is being most carefully rehearsed, and will prove one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

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Our lively contemporary, the *Canadian Musician*, is keeping up its interesting line of cartoons. The current number comes out with a picture of the festival goose with a surplus of $550 hanging temptingly, but high, above the foxes who are looking longingly at the choice morsel. These wary animals present excellent likenesses of Messrs. Torrington, D'Auria, Schuch, Bayley and Waldron, who are supposed by some occult reasoning of the cartoonist to be itching to get their hands on the surplus.

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Toronto is still adding to the number of its musical societies, both great and small. The latest aspirant for public suffrage is the Euterpia Society, of which Mr. Charles Ruse is the conductor. This society, numbering some thirty voices, gave an excellent concert on Tuesday evening at Association Hall to a large audience. The chorus sang very well, showing care and excellent training. Miss Agnes Knox recited and Miss Maggie Huston sang, both ladies winning much applause. Mr. Warrington also contributed some songs, while a very pleasing feature of the performance was the really fine singing of the Handel Male Quartette.

METRONOME.

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The approaching concert by the Seidl Orchestra of New York will be an event of more than passing interest to lovers of music in its highest type of expression. The causes which led to the arranging of the present concert tour of this celebrated organization are still fresh in our memory. A greater calamity than that which befell the cause of music in America through the destruction of the Metropolitan Opera House a few months ago it would be difficult to imagine. Not only has this occurrence demoralized the musical spirit of the metropolis for this season, but it has also turned adrift an artistic world of orchestral and vocal talent which must of necessity seek other fields of appreciation until the operatic outlook in New York has materially improved. The present state of affairs, however, cannot be regarded as an unmixed evil. Less favored centers than New York will be privileged to hear concerts at their own doors, which might otherwise have been denied them. The splendid material of which the orchestra under Herr Seidl is composed could not have been spared from New York at this season of the year but for the catastrophe which deprived most of the members of the band of a permanent engagement. In many respects Herr Seidl is unsurpassed as a conductor by any musician living. The personality of the man, added to his historic services in the cause of the friend of his youth, Richard Wagner, will lend an especial interest to the concert under his direction in the Pavilion on the 23rd inst.

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While in his twenty-second year Herr Seidl was employed by Wagner to make the first copy of the score of the Niebelunger tetralogy. Four years later he conducted at the Bayreuth festival. Like Nikisch he held for several years the post of premier conductor at the Leipzig Grand Opera, that training school for so many famous musicians of our time. It is to be hoped that the patronage accorded the engagement of the Seidl orchestra will be sufficiently encouraging to warrant a similar concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Nikisch before the season has ended.

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The novel idea of presenting opera without accessories as announced by the Orpheus Musical Society of Toronto, under Signor D'Auria, and the Toronto Vocal Society under Mr. Schuch's baton, does not after all seem to be confined to Toronto. Walter Damrosch of New York has undertaken to produce as concert performances, operas by Wagner, Bizet Gounod and other composers, and has issued a cordial invitation to "all singers with good voices" to join. New Yorkers are evidently determined to have opera whether presented in the orthodox manner on the stage and in costume, or as concert performances such as Mr. Damrosch purposes organizing I understand, by the way, that the Orpheus Society have selected as their first opera Rossini's masterpiece, William Tell, a work replete with stirring choral effects both for male and mixed voices.

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Musicians do not, as a rule, complain much about being overpaid for their arduous services in the cause of the wit. Every musician, no doubt, feels that he has been more or less of a martyr in the interests of the general advancement of music, and since the feeling is a harmless one why should he not be indulged in it? Music, like poetry, being somewhat abstract in its tendency, the mundane selfishness which might be expected to influence effort in some other and more material fields of action, surely could have no existence in the ethereal life of any disciple of the great Pan. In this connection a good story reaches us from the Antipodean City. The great Sangger (and beer) fest held in Hamilton two summers ago, it seems, resulted in considerable of a deficit. An attempt was made during the past summer to raise this amount by the holding of a second festival, also on a large scale, with the unexpected result of a second financial failure adding a considerable sum to the original deficit. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, now of Toronto, gave much valuable time in preparing the chorus work on both occasions, and was induced to shoulder the responsibility of the work for the second festival only after much pressure had been brought to bear. By some means or other, and as illustrating the proverbial guilelessness of the average musician, Mr. Robinson became entangled in the scheme as a "committeeman," and now is in receipt of sundry lawyers' letters inviting him to contribute his share of the shortage. There is a moral in all this, which is contained in the old German proverb, "Shoemaker, stick to your last." Conducting, with committee work, has proven a bitter experience for many wielders of the baton in the past, and will no doubt continue to prove a burden to many in the future.

•

Toronto is particularly fortunate in the number of excellent solo pianists at present resident in the city. The brilliant success of Mr. H. M. Field at his recital in Association Hall recently, has but served to awaken an added interest to similar performances by others who have just returned fresh from the traditions of pianoforte playing in various centers of the fatherland. It is particularly pleasing to note the success of native Canadians, and among these might be mentioned Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, whose opening recital is announced for next Tuesday evening. To Mr. Tripp belongs the honor of having been the only Canadian who has been privileged to study with the celebrated Moszkowski, a master who numbers among his pupils some of the most accomplished pianists of the day.

MODERATO.

### Japanese Dentistry.

"The Japanese use no instrument for extracting teeth, but lift them out with the thumb and forefinger," said Henry Baker to a guest of the Southern, who was wearing his jaw in a sling as the result of a pair of forceps slipping and getting more than they were sent for.

"While jolly Dick Hubbard was Minister to Japan I visited that country and spent a pleasant week with him. One day I was troubled with the toothache, and Mr. Hubbard took me to a dentist and explained to the saddle-colored operator that I wanted the grinder extracted. I was placed in a bamboo chair and tilted slightly back. The dentist examined my teeth, talking volubly meanwhile to Uncle Sam's representative. Suddenly his thumb and forefinger closed on the troublesome tooth, and before I had the faintest idea of what was going to happen, he lifted it out and held it up before me, smiling at the same time that vacant smile peculiar to the children of the Orient. 'You were waiting for the forceps, were you?' said Minister Hubbard, with a laugh. 'They don't use 'em here. Look at this. Here is a young Jap taking his first lesson in dentistry.' The diminutive dental Japanese boy sat on the floor, having before him a board in which were a number of holes into which pegs had been tightly driven. He was attempting to extract the pegs with his thumb and forefinger. Mr. Hubbard explained that as the strength of this natural pair of forceps developed by practice, the pegs would be driven in tighter. After a couple of years at peg pulling the young dentist would graduate and be able to lift the most refractory molar in the same manner that he now lifted wooden pegs."

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"You'll do very well for a tattooed man,' said the Museum manager. "How did you get these curious figures upon you?"

"I wore a cheap bathing suit at Asbury—guaranteed fast color," said the acquisition.


### A Rash Guess.

Mrs. Darley—Who was the author of the hymn I Would Not Live Alway?

Darley—It couldn't have been Methuselah, could it?

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## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

gown of pale heliotrope with cream chantilly lace. Mr. W. Fahey sang Guiding Light and Oh Promise Me in a pleasing style. Miss Errett wore a most becoming gown of soft black lace with loops of black ribbon; her solos, I Remember and Last Night were well received. Miss Lillian Norman charmed all present with her selections on the violin; she played carefully and with a delightful tone; the rendering of Government House waltz won much applause, to which she responded with an encore. Miss Edith Easton danced the Highland Fling and Sword dance most gracefully, and wore the usual pretty tartan of the Scotch national costume. The accompaniments were done full justice by Mrs. Ramsay and Rev. F. G. Plummer. After a few brief and pleasing remarks by Rev. R. Harrison the programme was brought to a close by God Save the Queen.

The Jovial Club held a very successful Hallowe'en party on Monday evening, October 31, at the residence of Mr. Seymour, 59 Homewood avenue. About fifty guests were present. Dancing was indulged in till the small hours of the morning, interspersed with vocal music and recitations, to which the following contributed: Ideal Quartette, Miss A. Klingner and Mr. F. Skill. Many thanks are due to the following ladies and gentlemen, who composed the committee: Miss L. Slemin, Miss L. Passmore, Mr. F. Kennedy and Mr. F. Skill.

### Another Victim.

He came from the baseball grounds with his eyes blackened, his arm in a sling, and a decided limp in his left leg.

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"No; I was the mascot."


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It is expected that Mr McDiarmid will also preach on Sunday, November 13.

COURT HARMONY, No. 1642, A. O. F.

Thanksgiving Concert

At the AUDITORIUM, Sh.-tesbury Hall, on Thursday Evening, Nov. 10, 1892. Artists—Miss Annie Schumacher, Soprano, of Hamilton, one of Canada's leading vocalists; Miss Effie Elaine Hext, Elocutionist, Of Brantford.

Bro. Jos. Baugh, Cornet Virtuoso; W. Kuchenmeister, Violin Virtuoso; Bro. Sims Richards, Tenor; Bro. A. L. E. Davies, Basso; Bro. Henry Simpson, Vocalist-Comic; Bro. S. M. Early, Highland Dancer; Bro. Geo. Murray, Piper (48th Highlanders). Comics—Bro. W. K. Ramsay and Frank Wright. Accompanists—Bro. Jos. J. Lee and Bro. W. E. Ramsay.

General admission, 25c. Reserved seats, 50c.

The plan of reserved seats will be open at A. & S. Nordheimer's on Monday, November 7, at 10 a.m. Tickets can be obtained from the Music Stores, or any member of Court Harmony.

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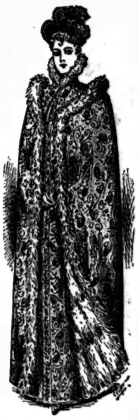

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### Coming Concerts.

Those looking for a high-class entertainment for Thanksgiving day should make a note of the concert by Court Harmony, No. 7045, A. O. F. in the Auditorium. The artists, with two exceptions, belong to the above Court. Miss Schumaker has already an established reputation, and as for Miss Effie Elaine Hext, the *Globe* recently said of her that she is "an elocutionist of exceptional correctness of expression, and in her posings in Greek costumes is so graceful as to literally charm every beholder."

On Tuesday evening, November 8, in the school-room of All Saints, corner Sherbourne and Wilton avenue, will be given a concert under the auspices of the East Toronto Cricket Club, which promises to be a great event. Among those taking part will be E. J. Ebbels, R. G. Kirby, W. Love, W. J. A. Carnahan, Mrs. W. Bentley Hall, Miss Morrell, Miss Sheack, A. H. Harris, W. Harris and Mr. Dixon and family. Rev. A. H. Baldwin will preside.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's recital will undoubtedly be well attended by students and lovers of good music. His programme will be: Bach, prelude tugeue, D minor; Beethoven, sonata, op. 27, No. 1; Weber, Perpetuum Mobile from Sonata Op. 24, No. 1; Chopin, Nocturna in G Op., Op. 37; Black key study; Scherzo, B flat minor Op. 31; Liszt, Liebestraum No. 3; Grieg, Norwegischer Brantzuz, Op. 19, No. 2; Moszkowski, Scherzo Valse, from opera, Boabdil; Valse Op. 34, No. 1. Mr. Tripp will be assisted by Mr. H. N. Shaw, R.A., who will read some of his best selections.


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Toronto, 19th October, 1892.

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**Births.**

RAMSDEN—Oct. 22, Mrs. J. G. Ramsden—a son.
GIBSON—Oct 26, Mrs. Thomas W. Gibson—a daughter.
WALKER—Oct 27, Mrs. Herbert Walker—a son.
ARMSTRONG—Oct. 19, Mrs. J. H. Armstrong—a ton.
COPLAND—Oct. 20, Mrs. John Copland—a daughter.
SHAVER—Oct. 25, Mrs. F. E. Shaver—a daughter.
WILSON—Oct. 24, Mrs. W. J. Wilson—a son.
KANTEL—Oct. 25, Mrs. E. A. Kantel—a daughter.
PELLETT—Oct. 20, Mrs Stanley Pellett—a daughter.
TIDSWELL—Oct. 20, Mrs. W. G. Tidswell—a daughter.
JOHNSTON—Oct. 27, Mrs. Fred Johnston—a daughter.
CLOUSE—Oct. 17, Mrs. Elias Clouse—a son.

**Marriages.**

ENGLISH—KALBFLEISCH—Oct. 25, Frederik M. English to Emma Kalb fleisch.
FOSTER—BLAKELY—Oct. 25, George V. Foster to Maggie Blakely.
GENTLES—CAMPBELL—Oct. 27, J. J. Gentles to Lizzie Campbell.
SPEIGHT—HOOD—Oct 26, T. H. Speight to Belle M. Hood.
YEIGH—WESTLAKE—Oct. 27, Frank Yeigh to Kate E. Westlake.
KNOWLES—PHILLIPS—Oct 27, W. A Knowles to Belle Phillips.
BULLIVANT—JONES—Oct. 19. James Bullivant to Rachel Jane Jones.
GRAHAM—RIDDELL—Oct 26, Rev. Archibald Graham to Jane Riddell.
McCANN—MACKAY—Oct. 26, Rev. Wilson McCann to Christina Mackay.
CAMERON—PECHELL—Oct. 21, Charles Cameron to E. C. Pechell.
JERMYN—MEIKLE—Oct. 16, W. Jermyn to Laura Meikle.
SHAW—DUNN—Oct —, Alcert Shaw to Birdie Dunn.

**Deaths.**

ULBRICH—At 324 Talbot street, London, Ont., on Oct. 27, Adeline Irene, youngest daughter of Charles and Wahestah Ulbrich, aged 6 mo ths and 10 days.
HOULE—Oct. 28 Mary Jane Houle, aged 29.
RUSSELL—Oct. 28, Joseph Russell, aged 84.
NASH—Oct 26, D Nash, aged 62.
BROWN—Oct. 28, Adaline H. Brown, aged 27
WRIGHT—Oct. 27, James Wright, aged 55
McCARTHY—Oct., John McCarthy, aged 75.
THOMPSON—Oct. 28, Stanley M. Thompson, aged 2.
LYTLE—Oct. 31. Arthur S. Lytle, aged 4.
TURNER Oct. 30, Allan N. Turner, aged 4.
BEUTHNER—Oct. 30, A. Beuthner, aged 47.
BEESON—Oct. 29, Augusta Ella Beeson, aged 25.
MOFFAT—Oct. 31, Caroline Moffat, aged 77.
GRAY—Oct. 29, Rev. James Gray.
BLACKBURN—Oct. 29, Harry Blackburn, aged 16.
CRAWFORD—Oct. 29, Agnes Crawford, aged 36.
FLETCHER—Oct 29, Ashton Fletcher, aged 56.
GILES—Oct. 24, James H. Giles.
BROOKS—Oct. 30, Frederick Brooks, aged 28
WALTERS—Oct. 30, George H Walters, aged 20.
THRING—Oct. 29 Rosetta Thring, aged 28
FERRELL—Oct., Eliza Ferrell.
BUNTING—Oct. 27, Charles Bunting, aged 9.
KERR—Oct. 27, Frances Kerr, aged 22

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